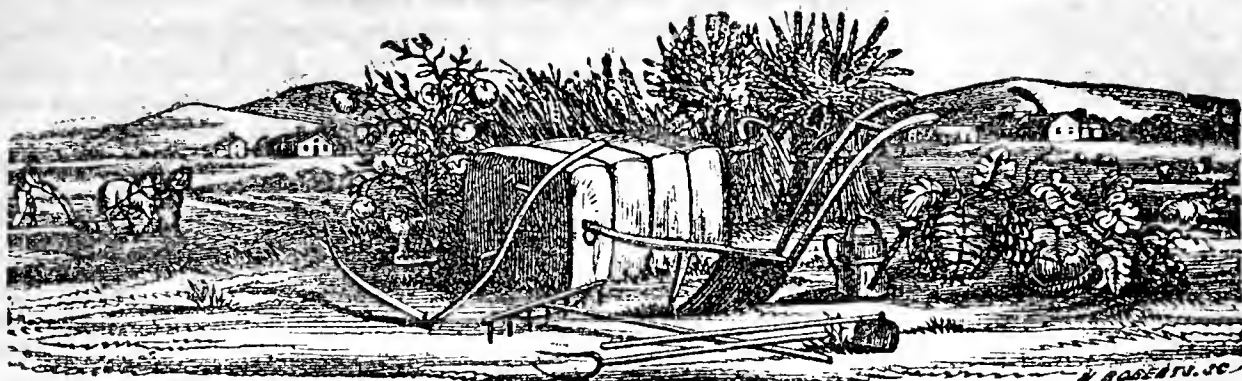


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Annual Address

Before the State Agricultural Society of South Carolina, delivered by Col. A. P. CALHOUN, President, on Tuesday, November 10th., 1857.

The imposing spectacle of an agricultural people assembling for the purpose of mutual instruction and amusement, furnishes to the philanthropist the greatest incentive to co-operate and contribute. The solid traits that dignify human nature, are here exhibited—unalloyed by heated partisan strife, engendered by those who contend for the authority that society confers upon the framers and administrators of its laws, and who, either for fame, power, or mercenary considerations, too often display personal rancour, sinuous cunning and perverted ambition, that convulses all society with its hydra-headed malignity. The constant effort of those who have yielded to the insatiate thirst for power, who, for self-advancement, strive to make the worse appear the better side, to gloss their motives over with the thin varnish of some plausible pretext, and thus

the honest and unsuspecting are often deluded into error, and array themselves under the banner of unscrupulous demagogism. We meet here freely, spontaneously and at the dictation of no man or party, for one single and noble purpose—to consult, compare experience, and devise some system to improve the agricultural condition of our noble State—to develop her latent resources, and thus enlarge her capacity to support, to educate, and enjoy all those refining influences which enlarged means, conjoined with liberality and intelligence, invariably dispenses. We have now numbered two years of our existence—too short a period for full development, but long enough to profit by our experience. We have now a standpoint to review our strength and weakness.—Our strength consists in the unanimous approval of what has been done, except in one solitary instance—the sustaining an agricultural paper, which we hoped would have been the means of concentrating and combining the intellect of our organization, and of diffusing a mass of practical knowledge, serviceable to the State at large. But the people would not respond. The truth is, the agriculturist is a man of practical purpose, and preeminently one of action. He has been so often deceived by plausible essays, that he doubts at once every dissertation upon agricultural matters—looks upon the whole thing as a humbug, and at the same time is keenly alive to his interest—believes in seeing the evidence of success—in talking the subject over quietly—and would rather walk over a promising field, and hear the owner state his process of cultivation, or see the evidence of good management or treatment at our Fair grounds, and hear the statement of how it was accomplished, than take any amount of authority on the same subject from an agricultural paper. Time will modify this prejudice, as the means furnished by science to elucidate and test the accuracy of every experiment, becomes more perfect. But we must take the fact as we find it, and conclude that the people do not desire a paper, and

beyond the practical bearing of our anniversary meetings, are not willing to go. To attempt to continue a paper under these circumstances was folly, and we declined its further publication. It will take three thousand paying subscribers to sustain a first class agricultural journal, and we only had some few hundreds. But that is not the point; even if we procured the number to remunerate, how inconsiderable a channel to reach the people of a State owning upwards of twenty-nine thousand plantations and farms, and numbering seventy thousand adult males. Here at our annual gathering, the vast inpouring, the great intelligence, wealth and worth of the immense throng prove that the heart sympathy and purse of the agricultural community are with us in all that they approve. Much as I desired a paper as an organ of our progress, I have always considered the gathering together of our citizens to exhibit in generous rivalry, their skill in producing remarkable results—to give palpable evidence of their success, as much more important than any other feature of our organization. It engenders also a higher standard, and impresses the agriculturist with a proper pride for his noble vocation. The planter is a student of nature. In the silent paths of his honest and practical life, he soon learns that as an integral link in the great chain of humanity, he is often pressed to chafing by the laws intended to support antagonistical interests to his own. He feels he supplies the sinews of war—the luxuries of peace—that every vessel that goes down to the sea, is freighted with his labors, and while the wide world is stimulated to activity by his productions, he, in his quiet home, is lost sight of, and only viewed as a hewer of wood and drawer of water, by those who take the supplies as they spring from the bosom of nature, and transfer them to suit the various wants of the world. In commerce he sees his raw material in the hands of trade, shipped to distant points, and the profits making merchant princes—he follows the same to the great factories and looms, where elements, controlled by man, starts into action a moving panorama, and from cellar to attic, the groan of the conquered agency whirls the noiseless machinery into combinations, from which issues fabrics, which gives comfort to the poor, pride to the rich, and sends rejoicing upon the ocean that munificent commerce, under whose white spread symbols the condition of man is ameliorated, and civilization quickened. He here finds the manufacturers, the third removed from the tillage of the earth, amassing fabulous wealth, and in pomp and circumstance, wielding almost dynastic influence. Into the great warehouses of stupendous trade, he again finds in its various gradations the retailer distributing in all its removes the vast wealth of these stamped fabrics, and riches greater than ever narrated in "Eastern story," crowning and investing with regal power all those whose good fortune or genius has given them position. Then, again, he sees those who rule over the affairs of men, no matter under what form, monarchy or republic, demanding from the rich freights of commerce,

their share. At the portals of trade they station their sentinels, who demand of every Argonaut who enters, a clip from their golden fleece. This wealth, thus cunningly raised, goes into the treasures of power, and is doled out to the flatterer, the sycophant, to all who will bend the "pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning." At this point an antagonism springs up between the people and their rulers. The tiller of the soil sees from the time his staples has left his hands, up to this point, a constant accession of power and strength, and all between himself and the assumptions of government, dependent upon the latter for patronage and support. He feels he is the prey in this arrangement, and indignantly seeks a remedy. But he lives isolated in rural districts, and has to compete with the men of cities, and compact masses, whose moral perceptions are too often dulled by misuse, and whose wits are sharpened by use, and in despair after being abused, cajoled, ridiculed, he submits to his fate. Unlike a bold and daring ancestry, who dissolved our first Union and braved British vengeance, Tory malignity and Indian strife, who suffered every privation cheerfully, rather than submit to a degrading assumption of power on the part of its rulers, the planter of the South contents himself with the grain ripening in his fields—with not a hair on the head of his people touched—with hundreds of thousands of musket-bearing men, munitions and supplies of war in the greatest profusion, yet he surrenders, ignominiously crouches at the footstool of power, that he may enjoy his abundance for a few brief years. But a short, short time ago, and so sensitive were we in maintaining principle, and resisting every encroachment upon our rights, that in a matter of taxation alone, we only differed in a remedy. Now, planters of South Carolina, we have long lived under oppressive tariffs, and we shout hosannas to one at this day, that retains the principle of protection, and discriminates in favor of your opponents, who in the excess of exultation, declare the best they ever had. If it is the best for them, and the South is satisfied, and acquiesces, then we may consider the present basis permanent, and the South, while paying two-thirds of the revenue to support the general government, receives back in disbursement, a mere pittance. It is this unequal fiscal action that has exhausted Southern plantations, and driven her people westward. Like a cistern only periodically filled, but perpetually used, exhaustion must follow; so the South, always paying, rarely receiving, like India, once so famed for her wealth, and from which a dominant and grasping East India Company exacted the round sum of twenty millions annually, has converted her people into paupers, the race into vassals. Every policy on the part of the general government, since the adaption of the constitution, has been partial and discriminating against our section. It is true, the South, by gift and concession, has largely contributed to destroy the equilibrium, by which alone, this confederacy can equitably exist. Her mistaken but lofty magnanimity, is now urged by her foes.

to justify their heartless policy: Here, then, is told the tale of Southern desolation; here explains the fact why our fields lay waste—why our income, vast as it annually is, disappears—why our agriculture droops—why the spirit of our people yields to every pressure, and why, with all their devotion to the South, they cling to and worship the Union, “not that they love State sovereignty less, but federal patronage and power more.” We alone, the exception is too small to be counted export. We alone, send abroad the staples—the raw materials that the world needs and must have. Their exchanged value is taxed on their entry into the country to raise the revenue of government. This goes into the hands of those who control the agency of government. These are opposed to our form of Society—construe the compact differently from ourselves, have antagonistic interest to ours, and have the power to do as they please. They put men of their section in place, they distribute the patronage of government, and every man from the South who gets, or expects to get office from tide waiter to a secretaryship, speakership or foreign mission, must satisfy the controlling power that he is suitable. Apply the test of what that is, and draw your own conclusions. Our men must become national to be favorites with power; and thus we become allied with tyranny more offensive and ruinous than ever a high and gallant race embraced. If not arrested, it will dry up the fount of patriotism, it will wither the noble heart of the South, and destroy all those high instincts which have made us, in our colonial revolutionary, and during the past days of the confederacy, so renowned a people. It will palsy even the fertile plains of the West, as it has already the rich valley of the Eastern South, and emigration rapidly flowing up to that wall now guarded by a flaming sword, not in the hand of an angel, but held by demons. will soon realize the delusion in yielding great principles for the sake of present gain. Now, how stands the case with the South? Her population and agriculture and prospects in the future. The policy of this government has been to collect large revenue, and expend it in the non-slaveholding parts of the Union. The South has paid two-thirds of the revenue by an indirect tax upon her staples, and receives back a trifle in return, through disbursements. The federal sponge has been dipped into our wealth, and squeezed out upon a poor and hostile section in bountiful abundance. Here, then, is the rub. No wonder that the sale of magnificent staples, which the earth annually presents us, and which we yearly sell to the value of at least one hundred and fifty millions—amounting every decade of years to one thousand five hundred millions, should be absorbed, melt from our grasp, and when the question is innocently asked, how is this? How happens it that we retain none of our wealth? There are some, who with the gravity of truth, reply, you make but one staple—you should diversify your labor—make your own machinery, carriages and blacking brushes, and be independent. How weak, vain and preposterous the advice. In all free States, population pent up

in crowds by capital, are pressed to the lowest point of wages, and work at rates that negro labor cannot be forced to, until ripe for emancipation. This cheap labor, assisted by machinery, in free society, as it is called, as if in irony, make more cheaply than we can afford those diversified objects that we require; hence we leave them with a cordial welcome to practice all the saving clauses of poor Richard's wisdom, that “a penny saved is a penny gained;” “take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves.” Maxims deeply engrafted upon the pilgrim mind, and impressively seared into his heart, and now, that much of its blood has fattened and grown rich from the public crib, they practice those glorious precepts upon their less favored kinsmen. And here they offer us our clothes and all their notions at prices that show the pressure upon the labouring classes, has reached the point of work for your daily bread, or starve—even worse—capital prostrated—the laborer abandoned—gaunt want rules the day. I repeat, it is fortunate for us that we have not been reduced as yet, to come in competition, or exclude the results of labor, wrung with such anguish and misery from its operatives. All the revenue collected by this government, is a bonus to the North. As it is doled out to favorites in the way of contracts and wages, it has built up individual fortunes that cast into the shade similar wealth in the South. Forcing the commerce of the Union by political jugglery to Northern ports, has also carried to that bleak section, untold wealth, which has now erected combinations that enable them to rest like an incubus upon our free respiration. All this would perish like the ice castle in Russia, built on the Neva, which sank to the level of water before a Southern sun; so if the South will vindicate herself, all those palaces, now gorgeous in brick, stone and mortar, will crumble to the earth, or remain in ruins, a monument to Southern folly, in ever permitting the surface of their section to be exhausted—to build up over their borders an artificial magnificence, which, in the history of the past, was only done boldly by conquerors, in transferring the wealth of their vanquished, to embellish their own homes.—The palaces, the Coliseum, the villas, the temples, the Capitol, the Appian way, were trophies of Rome's conquest. So were the magnificent men and minds who directed her destiny, or illustrated her history and literature, the offspring of her bold and warlike character, until she culminated into the genius of a Julius Cæsar, whose colossean statue, as the sun of the republic set, cast a lengthened shade over an empire, which, in his name, destroyed the liberty, and broke the spirit of the Roman citizen. But while we are legislative captives, while we are forced to pay the—I was going to say tithes—would that I could use that small figure—exorbitant exactions of an absolute majority. While we build up immense wealth for an enemy who has not conquered us, except by legislative treachery, we can not perceive, in the order of Providence, that this wealth, gained by pick-pocket stealth, has ennobled our opponents—

gain, greed, avarice, the horse leech cry for more, are their leading and conspicuous characteristics. Merciful Providence, are these the conquerors of the noble South? Are these the men who bid Southern genius desert your homes and we will reward you? Has the fertility of the once rich South, been exhausted to build up such a people? Are our people to be forced from their old fields, to rush to rich, and then in a few years to be told, we have proscribed you years ago—we doomed you then to destruction—we were willing to take but part of your property as you rushed to ruin—we now demand the whole—you may remain where you are in loving equality with a race who you have never sufficiently appreciated as friends and comrades. Such a people dictating terms, should make every drop of Southern blood burn the veins through which it courses. A surrender to a heroic people, or a hero, has its palliative; but to be ostracised, to be plundered, to be threatened with extinction by such a people, will be a fate that would deliver us to the furies, and overflow the cup of misery and degradation to a point that human nature has never endured.

Farmers and planters of South Carolina, I am now defending our agriculture. I am trying to show how it happens that, with all our great staples, great income, and great skill in making the leading articles in the world, worth, at present prices, say three millions of bales, at 10 cents, at least one hundred and twenty million dollars, with the exception of our lands and negroes, which cannot be taken away, and which is vast wealth, we have retained but little else, as the growth of our towns, cities and individual monied wealth, indicates. The unequal action of this government is the cause and not your extravagance. In proportion to your means, no people are more economical—none live more largely upon supplies raised at home. We never estimate the actual amount we derive from our farms and plantations high enough. Did you have to pay for all you derive from them, your cotton crop would indeed poorly requite you. Yet, strange to say, your millions vanish away, and your State, old and exhausted, has only the attachment of her people to restrain them from emigration. Had we the money annually taken from us, returned, how sudden the change. Under the operations of government the fields of this State have been made poor, and kept so. Her portion of the revenue exacted by government, as a considerable cotton grower, is great. Were this retained, it would stimulate activity and renovation in a thousand ways. It is taken from us, never to be returned. Hence, to supply the loss, and carry the weight, we are forced to seek fresh soil and be constantly on the change, and thus a perennial emigration flows to the Southwest. There rich land and large crops will enable the planter to stand every extortion of government and monopoly; but it will not give him time in his headlong haste for wealth, to estimate the penalty to be paid in the future. With the axe sounding in his ears; the forest falling around him; the hum of the gin as it discharges its feathery fleece to be com-

pressed for commerce; the shrill whistle of the steamer as it puffs speedily by, gives life to energy, and seems to indicate permanent, as well as present prosperity. Fatal trust. Better, as things stand, had he remained at the old homestead without all the anxiety and care that a home in the wilderness induces, than to undergo all the privations, and leave the great question of questions, negro slavery, an open one. Cent per cent is no recompense for this omission. Meet it we must, as heroes or cravens. You may bind yourself to the car of any man or party—you may compromise—you may concede one point and another—you may make any sacrifice to obtain peace and security; but unless you stand your ground, and that at once, you are doomed. Now, will the wealth of the world, the most gigantic destiny awaiting the Union, and the extinction of slavery, inevitable, be any consolation to you. We divide in every step towards action, but who meets the question and stands ready.

Farmers and planters of South Carolina, I know how willing many are to pass by the great questions we are discussing, upon the plea, they are political. I deny that any issue can be of greater moment to you than the vast questions we have pressed upon your attention. An agricultural organization of those who represent so largely the intelligence and wealth of this State, cannot neglect those direct and leading questions, upon the solution of which, not their wealth as a people, but their existence as a race, depends. There is no doubt that millions have unaccountably disappeared from the South, and only to be accounted for by the elucidation of the causes we have suggested.—When we consider, then, the momentous question—why have all the first settlements of slavery been exhausted and worn out?—and why, now that population has so marvelously increased, they have not been more rapidly restored, located as they are, nearer the heart of commerce and civilization—there is but one reply to be given that can satisfy any candid mind. We live under a form of government as extravagant as a monarchy, and we foot the bills it runs up. It concentrates its fiscal operations at a leading Northern port, and the commerce of the world floats thither. Its rewards and favors are distributed in profusion in non-slaveholding sections, by the means obtained from the South. Our wealth left remaining, is in land and negroes. Under our direction a vast annual income is made—so much that we not only mainly support one branch of government, but our chief head, our State sovereignty, to whom our allegiance is due entirely. At the same time the harpies of the world gather around us to devour whatever they can reach. There are periods when the monied clique in England and this country, form combinations in the midst of pressure, that makes facilities yet more stringent, and places in the hands of speculators on both sides of the waters, a power that enables the buyer to have the producer at his mercy, and prevents the value placed upon it, to be governed by the great law of demand and supply. Now, in the midst of a financial upheaving that has prostrated every de-

partment of trade, and driven the commercial world to look alone to our great staples for relief, we tangibly feel our power. Were it not for the one-sided working of our political system, we would have passed the present crisis unscathed, and a material prosperity, really durable, would have given us, as the agricultural section of this Union, fortified with staples in world-wide demand, the position of creditor and supplier to a dependent and prostrate commerce. As it is, we are content to perceive our strength and view the future *couleur de rose* for our comparative exemption from present ruin. What infatuation!—that a people, so powerful in position, should be so feeble in entrenching themselves in the present to maintain the attacks that must come in the future. To-morrow is the future, and every day lost is strength, resources and power passing away from us forever—aye, forever. At the mercy of causes foreign to ourselves, that we quietly submit to, that involve us in a common ruin, when we have participated in none of the excesses that must, under the great conservative law that regulates the business affairs of life, inevitably and ruinously react—we will have, when this passes away, a steady influx of gold, conjoined with the great value of our leading staple, even at present prices, causes that will inevitably withdraw our slave labor, and soon revive a state of things that really did exist a few weeks since, when a drain, rapid and great, threatened to transfer to a ruinous extent, our negroes to the Southwest. If the demand for cotton exceeds the supply, and even present prices are sustained, the value of the negro will reach a point that it will be dangerous for us to invest. This makes our capital greater as the owners of 387,000 negroes, but as we sell off, our capacity for the making of wealth diminishes, and future accumulation and improvement are checked. More than three-fourths of the surface of this State is untouched by labor. The proportion will increase as we diminish the negro force. As we and the old States lose, will the West fill up, and soon its valleys and plains will swarm to an extent to require greater vent. Where will it be found? The Rio Grande, New Mexico, Kansas hem them in. We are besieged by a Fabian policy, and if our foe never raises his finger again, we are destroyed. In the meantime, we meet to improve our agricultural productions—to do something for our own loved State. Many, to aid the cause, are content to write their views and supposed discoveries in agriculture—and there are grave and revered men who think, unless this is done, agricultural organizations are a failure. Now, I am one of those who believe that acts speak louder than words. I am in favor of not talking and writing so much about what should be done, but to do it. There are also many who believe that if the farmer and planter go one inch beyond suggesting how corn, wheat, potatoes or turnips can best be raised, he transcends his legitimate sphere, and trenches upon an ideal something, to whom everything else, except the raising of said crops, belong. That is, he may talk as much as he

pleases about the injury of seasons, the blight of insects, the ruin from caterpillar, but the moment he touches upon great moral and political evils, whose importance to them is, when compared with any temporary consideration, as time to eternity, he treads upon dangerous ground.

Born, reared, educated in South Carolina, we wish to live, die, and transmit any legacy we may have to our children here. It is the unpardonable sin for a living generation to transmit trouble upon their posterity. The living enjoy the fruits of the earth, Providence gives them every essential to know the past, to judge for the present, and by the simplest deduction, to see the future in many cases. The laws of creation are fixed, from the beginning of time have been so, and when we see certain great principles, commencing immemorably, and running a regular course to our day, we may say the impress of divine sanction is upon it. The institution of society, of government, of constitutions, written or unwritten, of marriage, are founded upon super-human wisdom. They are all essential to the welfare of our species. When denied and overthrown, anarchy reigns. So, too, the impress of ancient and modern experience has ever classified humanity. Like the geological stratification, human races rest, layer upon layer, and although the lowest is sometimes found upon the surface, its place is beneath, and not above, and there it must remain under the laws of creation. So, too, the scale commences with the white, and recedes fading to the black; while the intellect of the first sweeps over the universe, and daringly ventures "where angels fear to tread," the brain of the darker fails in majesty, and its elevated minds are shrouded in perpetual mist. That of the black has never risen above the earth—is low, debased, and brutal, and has never attained an intellectual point, even respectable. The world and its history proves these truths. Now, within the last hundred years, these truths have been denied, and certain cant-phrases have superseded in the minds of millions, fundamental truths, and threaten by these tenets to unhinge all conservatism in society. It startles the adherent of past usages by its defiance of God and man. It says the privations, the changes, the trials of life can all be remedied by a social society living together, all rights in common, and no one to be superior to the other. Now, take the true philosophical analysis of society. That which are called evils, are really the blessings of life—that if all were prosperous, there would be no incentive to action—that if all were laid in the bed of Proustes, and brought to the same length, the nobility of genius, and the towering elevation of intellect would be crushed to earth, and the development of the mind of an Aristotle or a Bacon would remain a lasting commentary upon the world's degeneracy. These are the misty vagaries of warped minds, and apiece with the senseless uproar for negro freedom, equality and capacity. The laws of nature, and the dictates of Providence in all time, prove their fallacy; but at the same time teach us that we are placed in this world with

faculties to take care of ourselves, and if we do not exercise them, that for a time, even evil may predominate over good. If a whole community know their rights, see clearly they are imposed upon, and that the darkest and fellest of human passions is rampant against them, and threaten destruction, and yet eat, drink and be merry; such a people deserve the fate of ignominy, to be hurled from the position of lords and masters, and in turn, serve their brutal scourges. While the professional education trains the mind, planting trains the heart. A keen mind, a subtle reason, may palliate and excuse even crime. We planters and farmers must feel the critical condition of our property, and be ready to defend it. No people are more proud of their past history, than those of South Carolina—none *unbiassed*, would go farther in daring to defend their rights. No State has a deeper interest in the question of slavery, for while none have suffered more from exhaustive emigration for thirty years; yet such is the value of negro property and its increase, that their worth is now largely over two hundred millions of dollars. Her climate suits the negro, and not the white man, to labor under the sun, except in her mountain districts. Her low country is entirely dependent upon negro labor, her middle districts nearly as much so. She is bound to nail her banner to the mast, and sink or swim with the institution. As it is with her, so it is with three-fourths of the South and West. They cannot control this question; they must be controlled by it. The white race, then holding the black in bondage, is forever their organism, or the superior race must leave the inferior in possession of the whole section, or cut the knot and achieve independence by extermination with the sword. Master and slave gives us peace, quiet and prosperity; release the relation and we are adrift on a sea of trouble. The land is worthless without the negro slave. It is so in Jamaica, and must be so in all low latitudes. If, then, we were to annihilate the negro, where are we?—These views should nerve us to action, and make us more determined to maintain the chief branch of our agricultural capacity, at all and every hazard.

Under the attention, energy and care now manifested by our planting interest, that a zeal has been awakened, all must admit.—That a spirit of energy and increased knowledge has resulted from the action of our society, is clearly shown, and in my section, the condition of farms, plantations and residences, indicate a desire to be permanent, and to improve. More wealth may be made elsewhere, but in all those advantages which makes life attractive—in a soil of sufficient vigor left to make an abundance, and capable of being greatly improved—in a State where the laws are administered strictly, but wisely—among a people peaceable and intelligent, and a society courteous and refined; there may be found all the elements to make existence agreeable.—Without such surroundings, wealth does not compensate, and he who sacrifices all this, and plunges into the vortex of selfishness, and begins to estimate all things, even his fellowmen,

by the dollars worth, will often feel that one drop of sympathy is worth more than his gold can purchase. We have associated ourselves in the fond hope that we can profit by the past, and do something for the future prospects of our agriculture. We are citizens of a State around which clings memorable associations. Here started on this continent, the first cultivation of cotton, from which has arisen a gigantic trade that has encircled the whole globe with a girdle, which in mystic influence, binds the human family in the peaceful relations of dependence and amity. Who that admired, a little prior to the beginning of this century, the showy plant with its variegated bloom, ornamenting the gardens near the sea shore, could have imagined the marvellous revolution in commerce, society and national strength that tender shrub would effect in the limits of a human life. The small beginning slowly increases—scarcely indicating that the hand of destiny was shaping huge results; and that progressive developments would make the people who nursed its cultivation in infancy, and reared its production to vast dimensions, the agricultural rulers of the world. There was then, as now, a large section of another hemisphere, laying beneath the torrid zone, where a weak, timid and brutal link of humanity vegetated the weakest of created beings. The forests were magnificent, the beasts that roamed them huge and terrible, and from its unknown depths, streams emerged which rolled by unexplored regions, unknown to this day, but which, before they emptied into the ocean, pierced valleys, that in the early history of this world were conspicuous for their intelligence, arts and civilization. This celebrated valley and renowned nation received the annual flood of waters as they theorized from the mountains of the Moon, as ignorant of whence they came, as we are at present. But the inhabitant of Ethiopia high upon its waters, was well known, and is always pictured on painted walls, transmitted to our time as an inferior—a menial.—To this day they remain so. While unaided, the Mongolian race has attained comparative civilization, and even the Malay and Indian, superior types to the negro have evinced progressive capacity. But until the Caucasian race took the negro under his protective care, and removed him from his miserable home, he had ever remained a mere animal, with instincts lower than the fierce beasts, who mastered and preyed upon him. Had such a race spread over the whole earth, the days when there was no light, when the fern alone grew, and the lizard tribe revelled in chaos, would have been periods of contentment to such a world. Like many things else, it had puzzled the brains of those who speculate upon created things, to account why such a race of beings had been placed on earth. The solution was reserved until the discovery of the practicability of cultivating cotton in these Southern States. Every negro removed from Africa here, is a change for him, from purgatory to paradise. To him it is worth all the missions united, the body becomes physically developed, the mind reaches its highest capacity. For teaching in every form and shape,

the African mind, with the hope of intellectual advancement, is a mistake based upon a mawkish philanthropy, that shows the mind of the teacher has not grasped the true relation, and superficially views the scale of creation to which he belongs. He orally learns by association with a superior race, and his imitative instincts are impressed by those who own him. He thus becomes exactly fitted for all the uses he is put to without reference to climate. A hot sun, he glories in, to be sure; but if he lives in colder climates, it is not upon the principle that the pineapple, the lemon and orange flourish there, by forced growth, for his physical energies soon adapts itself to latitudes. Where the white man cannot labor, however he can, and thus when the cotton plant bloomed, squared, balled and burst into that wondrous fibre, before which the wealth of the world pales, it soon became obvious, it required the negro to extend its cultivation. We have set him to work, and owned and directed by his master, the white man, what has been done? Let all the nations upon the earth answer, and we tell you, every sail upon the ocean is your dependent, you own and hold the trident that governs the sea—in your hands is the truncheon that rules the earth. Such a people, tamely to give up such a destiny, such a birthright. Masters to become slaves to a community filled with fiendish malignity against them. As far apart as the poles in all that constitutes refinement, must it, indeed, be the fate of the South to mix up their destiny with those who brandish the torch of the incendiary—the knife of the assassin, and whose untiring effort is to put the master down, and place his slave in his present position. Party sinks to insignificance, this Union to nothing in comparison with the conservatism of the South, or if that is hopeless, our own loved South Carolina. She naturally stands first in our affections. She can become the garden spot of the South, if she stands erect and does her duty. Her sons must only look to her for reward, and her "well done" should outweigh all the gifts of foreign or domestic offices, with their seductive appertenances. Let him who defends her, be callous to epithets—let abstractionist, fire eater, agitator be placed in his vocabulary as synonymous with patriotism—and then if nationally he fails, if the enemy or his allies denounce him, he will feel better satisfied he has done his duty, and throw himself upon his State with the full conviction, she will do hers.

I tell you again, farmers and planters of South Carolina, your fields will remain old—your people will emigrate—your resources will grow less, instead of greater—your public opinion more and more depressed by hostile influence—if you do not make one great, glorious and triumphant effort to release yourself from the stupor and feebleness the vampire has fanned and depleted you into. We cannot improve the agriculture of this State with the odds against us. Every private or collective effort will fail, for the energy of a few cannot constantly sustain the want of it in the many. Our best talent and worth in the past have faithfully told you where the point of pressure

was—wherein would be our prosperity—and what would dry up our resources and ultimately destroy us. We only have a longer experience now, and have tested the truth of their prophetic wisdom. We now ask, has anything predicted, failed to come to pass? They told you fanaticism never retrograded. Has it? They told you to fear to receive presents from the hands of our enemies. And have we not cause? They told you if not arrested, this anti-slavery sentiment would subvert you. Have we not lost every strong position, and are not all our outposts abandoned? It will not do to blame the sentinels alone.—Why did you put them there—did they avow your political catechism? Were you not told in the past, that in the fiscal arrangements you paid nearly all the revenue, as almost sole exporters, and if you submitted, it would rob you to poverty, and resistance was simply suspended, because the slave question, that threatened to take all from you, and kill you off in full health, was considered more pressing to battle against, than a subtle principle that would consumptively destroy you? We see the force and confess the truth; but here we are, deploring our condition, meeting to consult how we can better it, and for the first time in this State, bringing the agriculturists together to deliberate, and calmly to determine what can be done. A half way remedy is worse than none. We may advise the outlay of money to improve, but when you glance over the vast fields to be restored, the question passes from the individual capacity, to sectional or State aid. How? By seeing our rights preserved, by protecting them even to the calling for a rally upon our people or clansman. If it is true, our property is taken from us, or threatened. If it is true, our means are absorbed to an extent to account for the absence of monied wealth in the old and new staple States—ruining the old, and impairing even the new, by giving to adverse interests the money power over, to a large extent, their private fortunes. If it is true, our individual means cannot control the causes, and we are fated to stand by and see things grow worse instead of better; that our State, grand in her past history, must remain the seat of deserted fields, covered over with sedge, pine and gullies, because we are nationally robbed, and every effort here falls short of its purpose. If all this is true, then let us have the nerve, honesty and patriotism to proclaim it, no matter who winces when it is announced. We solemnly aver that we believe we have traced the causes that have reduced our agricultural capacity to its present depression. As individuals, we may wander off and bring back what we have made in time. We may pay out what has been inherited, to improve; we may have special instances of energy and thrift, in some who have always lived and increased their means here, and who expend it to improve and ornament the face of their sections. But they stand out in bold relief, making the contrast more glaring. Under the inequality of the fiscal action of this government, our cities will remain old, our section continue poor. If we are content to spend mon-

ey and make but little in return, we can, in special instances, improve and bear it; but over the surface of the State, this is impossible. Deliberately, then, we say, the unequal and hostile action of the federal government has been the cause of all the South complains of—that the Atlantic States have been hurried over to obtain the cream of crops, and every inch of soil that can be exhausted in the South-west, will, under the same laws, be laid waste, and when a limit is reached by the wave of emigration, and it ebbs back, *we cannot support this Union and the institution of slavery together.*—Even if fanaticism could be killed at once, it could not be done. For one moment survey the field. We support our own government, South Carolina, and then what we intended for an agency, but now erected into a sovereignty, a despotism, whose policy has been so sectional that the imports come into one division, and the exports go out from another. Commerce consists in the exchange of productions. The world wants all we make, and nothing scarcely the North makes, and yet we who send to supply the demands of the world, bring nothing directly back. Again, nearly all the revenue raised from the South, is spent elsewhere. Here are the causes of your agricultural prostration, and to attribute it to simply accessory effects, is purely absurd.

I have only glanced where hours could be spent in proving, with mathematical strictness, the truth of our position. The remedy, then, for our depressed agriculture, is only to be hoped for in a fundamental and honest change of policy upon the part of our rulers in the Union—one that has proven false for thirty years—or a withdrawal from a compact administered in such bad faith. In the meantime, we must apply every individual faculty, to relieve, by personal attention, our farms and plantations, by resorting to all the aids science offers, or our own experience, judgement and energy may suggest. Much may thus be done to beautify and improve our State; but we believe, even at present prices, our agriculture will not pay enough to remunerate the planter, and with the millions that annually glide like evaporation from us, we will barely hold our own, or retrograde. This lingering existence is more than any community can bear up under, and it is well for the minds who think and lead, to ponder and devise some action. We must enlarge our views beyond a comparison of the profits, the cleanliness, the respectability of agriculture, as compared with the mechanical or other industrial pursuits, for a remedy. The genius of our people, thanks to our position, and negroes, make us emphatically agricultural. We believe other pursuits, based upon agriculture, are indispensable accessories to convert, amplify, and transport its surplus throughout every channel that supplies the wants of man. But their relation to each other is, producer and consumer. The one is individualized, the other concrete. While the one originates wealth, the other taxes its ingenuity to get and use it. The one draws its supplies directly from the storehouse of nature; the other, when it is harvested, comes with its head or handiwork, to

exchange them for the substance of life. The one, with a bright sky above, a fair creation around, the eye filled with gorgeous pictures of landscape, of forest, of hills, valleys and streams, breathing an atmosphere healthful and pure, works in the field given to man to consecrate his energy, and transmit and develop, by his toil, the hope and destiny of his race. The other, emboweled below the earth, or hemmed in above, passes his days in communion with simple and compound agencies, that soon withers the bloom of nature, and compresses the intellect into the narrow limits of its particular calling—each part helpless in itself, but combined, startling the earth with its power and progress. The vocation of agriculture, and the pursuits of art, are thus related to each other as cause and effect. While we disparage no other, give us agriculture with its green crops, its filled granaries, its fresh products, with its dependence alone upon a kind Providence for succor and assistance, the truthful tuition it gives to man, and the moral, honest and manly traits nurtured in that school. Up to this time, the South, the impersonation of agriculture, has preserved this Union by her conservative elements of character. Do nothing to weaken them, as a Southern man, we implore. Let us treasure them for the new combinations that may arise, and when its potential voice, instead of uttering as a panacea for every outrage, "preserve the Union," cries out, "preserve your liberty at all hazards," let us believe its wisdom, patience and patriotism have been exhausted, and in confidence let us obey. The same conservatism that has given order to the league between South and North, will illustrate itself in a more homogenous compact, and exterminating forever the doctrine of tyrants that the majority shall govern. Irrespective of separate organizations, different pursuits, or variant interests, it will so adjust the cheeks and ballances between the parts of society, to the end, that each shall move undisturbed in its sphere, and the profits of the one shall not be forced by a stronger combination to deliver up its rights and wealth, when asked for in the name of a "majority." A government and constitution are natural to man, and yet how rapidly all human effort to establish a durable political system passes away, to the discomfiture of generations upon generations—every trial resolving itself to the usurpation of power, and perversion of delegated authority. Politics are now becoming an exact science, and if a people have demonstrated to them that their liberties are gone, that their wealth is taken from them, that their conduct has been so tame and submissive that their conquerors even contemplate to take their property away, and turn them adrift, and still quietly submit, and if we are such a people, then, like the foreboding voice through the streets of Jerusalem, on the eve of its destruction by Titus, we shall soon hear, "woe, woe to the South."

Charcoal in Cisterns.—Two gallons of fine charcoal will purify a dozen hogsheads of water, when the smell is so unpleasant it cannot be used.

An Essay on Meteorology applied to Southern Agriculture.

BY F. J. GAGE.

It is not the design of the writer of the following paper, to attempt any thing like a scientific production, but rather to group together the results of his own observation and reading, in such a way as to draw the attention of inquiring minds to a subject which we are not inclined to treat with the consideration it most assuredly merits.

Science has achieved less for agriculture than for any of the kindred arts; not but that the field was ample and interesting enough, but for the want of our appreciation and encouragement. We have not been content simply to turn a deaf ear to her teachings, but we have too often coldly spurned her assistance.

The rapid deterioration of the cotton lands of the old plantation States—the rapid advance in the price of land in the new States—coupled with the increasing demand for our great staple—points out but too plainly to every intelligent mind, the importance, not only of husbanding all our own resources, but of calling to our aid all the helps of science.

By "Meteorology" we understand that science, which treats of every "terrestrial as well as atmospherical phenomenon, whether accidental or permanent, depending upon the action of heat, light, electricity and magnetism." Under this definition it will not be difficult to comprehend its bearing upon agriculture, and the important results which would naturally flow from a correct knowledge of its laws.

We have been taught by the highest authority, from time immemorial, that "the clouds drops fatness;" that the "dew drops cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth;" while modern science teaches us that the air we breathe is composed of gasses, oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid;" that "all vegetable productions consists of two parts—one organic, capable of being burned away in the air; the other inorganic, which remains behind in the form of ash; that the organic part consists of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen only; that plants derive their carbon chiefly from carbonic acid—their hydrogen and oxygen from water, and their nitrogen from ammonia and nitric acid; that the largest portion of those substances which form the principal mass of plants, may be represented by carbon and water in various proportions; that the food on which plants live, enters by the roots and leaves of plants; that the leaves under the influence of the sun, decompose the carbonic acid, give off its oxygen and retain its carbon; and that this carbon, uniting with the elements of water in the sap, forms those several compounds of which plants chiefly consist." We are taught that all food must be in a state of solution before it can be appropriated by the roots of plants; hence, that water in some shape is indispensable to vegetable life. So far as science has been able to discover, a beautiful harmony or equilibrium, has been preserved in all nature's operations. The productive-

ness of a soil depends no more upon the fertilizing elements it contains in its vegetable mould, than upon its being in a condition to avail itself of "equal supplies of the atmospheric conditions of the growth of plants," for the crops depend equally upon each. So the "Ammoniacal vapors diffused through the atmosphere, are the prime source of the azotized principles of vegetables, and then through them of animals; each playing the important part of preserving the equilibrium between animal and vegetable life."

Humboldt has very forcibly remarked that, "In felling trees which cover the crowns and slopes of mountains, men in all climates seem to be bringing on future generations two calamities at once—a want of fuel and a scarcity of water." M. Humboldt gives a very interesting account of a visit to the beautiful lake Valencia, in the valley of Aragua, Venezuela. At the time of his visit the inhabitants were struck with the gradual diminution of the waters of the lake, which had been going on for many years. The land left by the retreat of the lake, soon became transformed into beautiful plantations of cotton trees, bananas and sugar canes. Buildings which had once stood on the banks, year after year more remote, until at last the lake stood upwards of three and a quarter miles instead of one and a quarter from its banks.

Twenty-five years after this, Boussingault visited the valley, and found the inhabitants alarmed at the rise of the lake. Some fields that were formerly covered with cotton plantations, were now submerged, and it was now becoming rapidly apparent that the most valuable estates would very soon be submerged.

In the course of the last twenty-two years (says M. Boussangault), important political events had transpired. War to the knife had desolated this beautiful country and decimated its inhabitants. Agricultural operations to any extent were abandoned, and the forest which makes such rapid progress in the tropics, had soon regained possession of the surface which man had won from it by something like a century of sustained and painful toil. M. Boussangault cites other cases in proof of the above, in South America and elsewhere.

M. Humboldt says, "In crossing the steppe of Baraha, in his way from Tobolsk to Baraoul (in Asia), he perceived every where that the drying up of waters increases rapidly under the influence of the cultivation of the soil."

M. de Saussure says, "Unquestionably the three great lakes of Neuchâtel, Bienné and Morat, were formerly connected and formed one great sheet of water."

M. Boussangault, after reviewing the whole ground, is forced to the conclusion that, "Clearing off forests does actually diminish the mean annual quantity of rain which falls, and that forests economize and regulate the flow of water courses."

There is no region of country upon the face of the globe so well adapted *Meteorologically* to the production of cotton, as that plateau known as the "Southern Atlantic and Gulf States."—Protected by mountains and highlands from the

extreme cold of the N. and N. E. winds, and warmed and watered by the genial vapors of the gulf, borne along by the South West, which prevails during the months of June, July and August. Subject neither to extremes of heat or cold, rain or drought, with an equable temperature, this region enjoys, in a meteorological point of view, every requisite for the perfection of the cotton plant.

India, Egypt, Algeria and Brazil, always held out to us as Bugbears, when the "Lords of the loom" find demand pressing upon supply, have meteorological obstacles to overcome, which will exist as long as Nature's laws govern the Universe. In all these regions every effort has been made to extend the cultivation of the cotton plant by Governors, and by individual enterprise, and it has proved a failure. Here the cotton plant has extended its own cultivation—it has swept every thing before it, because nature has been its constant assistant. But great as our natural advantages may have been, they have, in a great degree, been forfeited by our reckless course of culture.

Every planter of common observation, has doubtless been struck by the increasing uncertainty of the season; the recurrence, at short intervals, of severe droughts; the drying up of springs and water courses; the sudden changes of temperature; the late frosts of spring, and early ones of fall.

Although immense quantities of the most fertile lands of the Southwest, have, in a few years, been opened, and an excessive stimulus given to the culture of cotton, by the remunerative prices offered; still, during the last decade, the average crop has been but little over two and a half million of bales. It is manifest that all the labor lost to the old States by emigration, has only been turned to the production of cotton in the more fertile fields of the Southwest. We must evidently begin to look about us for other influences which bear upon so important a question. Our water courses are annually becoming less navigable, and as the beds fill up, the valleys become more subject to inundation, thereby bringing upon us two of the greatest evils—a deficiency in the crops, and an increase of sickness.—Can we attribute this state of things to any more satisfactory cause than the reckless clearing up of our forests and the washing away of the soil—a necessary consequence of our shallow system of plowing? If this be the principal cause, the first question that presents itself at the very outset is, can we do anything to arrest the evil?

It will not do to give up, simply because it is a hard case. Franklin would not have sent up his kite; or Fulton made his experimental trip; or Morse invented the electric telegraph; or Watt the steam engine, or Sir Richard Arkwright, the spinning jenny; or Whitney the cotton gin, if they had been influenced by the difficulties which beset their path, or deterred by the sneers of doubters or unbelievers. Every great discovery almost among nature's mysteries, has been the result of accident or sprang from some insignificant circumstance.

It strikes us that there is as much necessity

for a River Police, as a Road Police, and that all obstructions should be annually, at least, removed from the water courses of the country, and all individuals prohibited from felling timber into the stream, merely to get rid of it. No man has a right to do an act which may injure his neighbor's property, or entail sickness upon the country. It should moreover, be a part of the system of every planter, when he "turns out," as "old fields," any portion of his plantation, that he should leave it in such a condition as not to be liable to wash into gulches, and allow it to grow up in "old field pines" as soon as possible. If the ground is left comparatively leveled, with a coat of grass upon it, and the fire kept off old fields, in 10 or 15 years, will be covered by pine thickets, furnishing us with the best of screens against malaria, protection to the soil against sun and shower, and reservoirs of moisture for the elaboration of dews and rains. Forests, says Humboldt, have the direct effect of condensing the gasses in the atmosphere and depositing them in the shape of dews and rains. As all ponds and marshes are fruitful sources of disease, they should be ditched and drained, the washes from the hill sides conducted into them, so as to fill up the sinks, and screens of timber thrown between them and the settlement. It is a wise economy to convert "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," into the food of plants, and thousands of such spots would annually be converted into fruitful fields, if the occupants could be made to believe in the wisdom or profitableness of it. The proportion of watery vapor which the atmosphere will hold in solution, depends altogether upon the temperature of the atmosphere. The warmer the air, the greater its capacity for retaining moisture. Warm currents of air, saturated with moisture, coming in contact with colder currents, become condensed and deposit their moisture in dews, rains, &c. If fogs rising from the beds of streams, ponds or marshes, float upwards and come in contact with colder currents of air, they are condensed and precipitated—if not, they form clouds; hence the adage, "if the fog falls, we'll have no rain to-day—but if it rises, look out for an evening shower." "A fog," said a celebrated naturalist, "is a cloud in which one is, and a cloud is a fog in which one is not." All fogs, vapors, dews and clouds contain gasses more or less necessary to the support of animal and vegetable life. We have heard the remark repeatedly made by practical and observant planters, that "thunder and lightning seasons were always the most favorable to crops." The fact has been demonstrated by scientific experiments, that "electricity has the effect of forming nitrate of ammonia in the rain of thunder storms." We were one day endeavoring to explain the rationale of this electrical fertilizing principle, to an old farmer, who was complaining that the bad crops, so common now-a-days, were because of the infrequency of thunder storms—when the wind was taken out of our sails very suddenly by a father standstill farmer, who had been listening to us hard by—"why," says he, "I always knew that, and the reason is as plain

as the nose on a man's face—the thunder loosens the yearth about the roots of the corn, and its just as good as a plowing." Practical sense vs. science—a plain case! The soil may be rich in all the inorganic (mineral) food of plants, but it can avail but little without the aid of atmospheric influences. The carbonic acid of the atmosphere is about the only talisman that will unlock much of the fertilizing earths. By a wise provision of nature, these salts are not readily soluble, and the soil must be so disintegrated as to allow the entrance of air to convert its latent properties into the food of plants, and this food will be still unavailable unless in a state of solution—hence water is indispensable to carry on the process; and now that we have the food dissolved, solar heat is yet necessary to secure success. Air, water, heat and electricity may be set down as indispensable to the proper growth of plants. The air we can always command, and if we can secure the water and solar heat, electricity will be very apt to follow as a necessary consequence. The idea we wish to impress upon the reader is, that our greatest want, meteorologically, is, moisture and heat, and that it has been produced by felling our forests and filling up our streams.

The plain duty forced upon us is, to secure, as far as in our power lies, all the aids which a wise and beneficent Providence has offered us. How can it be done? Only by a careful observation of the influences of the seasons upon growth of plants, and all phenomena bearing upon it, and an earnest endeavour to reduce our observations to some system. Out of system springs law, and we never can arrive at a remote idea of the laws which govern nature's phenomena, without acting in concert. There is no reason to be discouraged by the difficulties in our path—a Murry has, by his patient industry and indomitable energy, mapped out the sea; a Redfield and an Espy have done much towards fixing the laws of storms. We all know that a sponge placed in a current of damp air, will absorb more moisture than a brickbat—will not the same principles apply to the soil? An acre of ground plowed to the depth of 6 inches, and thoroughly pulverized, weighing near 600 tons, will absorb and retain for the use of plants, incalculably more heat and moisture, than an acre plowed in the usual way, 2 or 3 inches deep. If it absorb a greater amount of atmosphere, just in that proportion it has the power of converting the insoluble salts into the proper food of plants. It likewise facilitates the ascent of moisture from below in dry weather, and allows superabundant moisture to escape in wet weather. It enables the soil to retain a greater amount of solar heat. Every planter must have observed the difference of temperature in deep plowed and shallow plowed soils in early spring—how genially a warm rain acts upon a mellow soil—how evaporation from cold shallow plowed land retards the growth of plants. You can trace out by the eye, every spot on the farm on a foggy morning, where the pipe clay approaches the surface closely. Heat and moisture go together—the warmer the air, the greater its capacity to retain moisture. So it is with the

soil, the warmer you make it, the greater its capacity to receive solar heat.

As before alluded to, a wise Providence has so arranged it, that the chief mineral food of plants is not readily soluble. Carbonic acid is the only thing that will reduce these salts to the condition of food, and carbonic acid is derived largely from the atmosphere. Does it not become our duty, then, to put the soil in a condition to absorb not only the dews and rains, but to rob the atmosphere of all those floating gasses which originate from the decay of vegetable and animal substances, and convert them into elements of fertility, instead of allowing them to remain as fruitful sources of disease?

PLANTING SEASON.—A great diversity of opinion exists amongst the most intelligent and successful planters, upon the season for planting, while some argue that it is the best policy to plant as soon as the frost is out of the ground; another will assert that it is better to give another plowing, and not plant till the earth becomes warm. How much seasons are modified by locality, preparation and character of the soil, is a question well worth studying. Muller says that, "The heating of the earth's surface and of the atmosphere, by which alone the vegetable and animal world can thrive, is alone owing to the rays of the sun, which must be regarded as the whole source of all life upon our planet." The air absorbs heat from the rays of the sun, and radiates it, and this heated air acts upon the earth just in proportion to its capacity to receive it. The warmer the air, the greater its capacity to absorb moisture too, and under this view of the question, if the soil be placed in a condition to absorb a maximum amount of warmth, air and moisture, it would seem necessarily to be just in that proportion in a better condition for planting.

SELECTION OF TIMBER.—The proper season for selecting timber (for its durability), is another matter of no ordinary consequence to the farmer and mechanic. Very different views are entertained on the subject, apparently irreconcilable. The fact is admitted by all, that timber selected at particular seasons, will resist the decaying influence of the weather better than at other times. So far as our experience goes, and we are sustained by many very intelligent and observing waggon makers and mill wrights, timber will be found most durable, selected when the pores of the wood are filled with sap. Whether it is because of any mechanical contraction of the wood, by the sudden drying of the sap, by which the pores are closed against the admission of water, or whether the sap contains certain insoluble salts, which resist the inroads of decaying, is a question of considerable interest.

You may blow through a waggon spoke, cut and seasoned during the winter—you cannot blow through one cut in March or August—seasoned. Our experience inclines us to the belief, that there is more durability in wood selected in spring and August, than at other seasons. It must be dependent upon some law, or the opinion would not be sustained by the experience of so many observers.

THE SEASONS.—Since "the time whereunto

the memory of man runneth not," an opinion has obtained even among intelligent men, that there were certain signs indicative of the changes and character of the weather. "When ye see a cloud rise out of the West, straightway ye say there cometh a shower, and so it is; and when ye see the South wind blow, ye say there will be heat, and it cometh. When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather, for the sky is red; and in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering."

So far as science has been able to unravel the mysteries of nature, it has found all her operations governed by laws. Many of the common weather signs can be explained upon scientific principles. A circle round the moon is one of the best indications of rain, because it is caused by an unusual amount of vapor in the atmosphere. Lightning in the North is another very reliable sign, and may depend upon some electrical currents from a colder region, acting upon the atmosphere. The ready diffusiveness of sound, the sound of your neighbor's axe, the bark of his dog, &c., depends upon the moisture of the atmosphere. The quiet, steady glow of the fire on the hearth, is a good indication of rain, and depends upon some settled principle, not generally understood.—If it rain between 6 and 7, it will be clear before 11, is an old hunter's sign, and a pretty good one; and another old hunter's sign has something singular about it, that the changes for foul or fair, always occur at regular intervals—say 6 a. m., 9 a. m., 12, 3 p. m. and 6 p. m. The proclivity to rain or clear off, may be determined by watching those periods. An idea has been advanced that the storms of the equinox are the types of the seasons which intervene. According to our observations, the rule does not hold good in all cases, but at times it has proved wonderfully near the mark.

Now, the last vernal equinox (1857) cleared off with little rain, and a sudden blow of wind from the N. W., cold, with the cat tail clouds (cirri) pointing from N. W. to S. E., and very abundant. Every change of weather during the interval has been marked by this character—little rain, strong winds and a N. W. (cirri) clear off, and the unusual number of hail storms during the period.

We have watched, for many years, with considerable interest, the appearance of fan clouds. We allude to a peculiar arrangement of the cirri or cat tail clouds of the sailors, in the shape of a fan; the handle (as it were) resting on the horizon, and gradually expanding and pointing toward the zenith. They appear, generally, in the N. W. or N. E., and are almost invariably followed closely by a fall of temperature, often by the most violent storms of wind, hail and rain. Humboldt, we believe, alludes to the same phenomenon.

We are inclined to think that the storm will come from the direction of the cloud, and that its character may be indicated by the shape of the cloud. If it be thin, it will be merely a fall of temperature; if it be composed of thick columnar masses, curling upwards, it indicates a violent storm. We are not to be understood

as talking scientifically, but merely throwing out a farmer's suggestions, based upon observation.

Every careful observer must have become familiar with the peculiar unmistakeable features of a hail storm cloud. A little careful study and observation would, doubtless, soon make us equally familiar with the character of other clouds. A close observer will soon be able to discriminate between wind clouds, rain clouds, and storm clouds, and no one, we take it, will entertain a doubt upon the importance of being able to draw such distinctions.

Animals seem to have remarkable instincts in weather prognostics. The sheep will always select, for a lodging ground, some spot upon the farm, where the least amount of radiation, hence, least dew is found. The hog will give you unmistakable evidence of the approach of cold weather, by the position and character of his bed. Sheep will come up before a rain, and always go to the salt-lick when the atmosphere is damp. The birds, by the building of their nests, evince a design to protect themselves against the coming season. And the open pored toad will show you, by the color of his coat, when the air betokens rain. Is it not the part of wisdom, then, to watch these apparently trifling phenomena, and strive to extract a little wholesome knowledge of nature's laws, rather than to sneer at them as foolish signs of the ignorant?

For the Farmer and Planter.
Sorgho Syrup---Report.

The sample of syrup from Chinese Sugar Cane, exhibited by the undersigned, was made from cane "dead ripe," grown upon thin land and very carelessly cultivated. It was planted late last May, and did not mature until 1st October. The cane was pressed by a three cylinder horizontal wooden roller mill, attached to gin gearing. The juice remained in the trough all night—was put on next morning—boiled rapidly for 3½ hours—saccharometer applied, and fire drawn immediately.

The undersigned has become satisfied by his own experience and the observation of others who have been experimenting in Sorgho, that the riper the cane, the better the syrup; that 150 gallons of juice may be put down as the maximum from tolerably rich land—such land as will produce 20 to 25 bushels corn per acre; that the juice of good, ripe cane, will turn off 1 gallon of syrup to 6 or 7 of juice; that lime or soda is of no benefit, and only darkens the color of the syrup; that the more rapidly it is boiled down to the syrup point, the better the syrup; that a wooden cylinder cannot express all the juice; that the bagasse is worth very little for food, but will make a tolerable beer, a very good vinegar, and excellent stable litter; that the stalks are good food for hogs, the seed nutritious, and the fodder worth very little.

R. J. GAGE,

For the Farmer and Planter.
Report on Ruta Baga Turnips.

I have this day measured for Prof. J. P. Boyce, one acre of land in Ruta Baga Turnips.

G. T. MASON, D. S.

Greenville Dist., S. C., Nov. 30th, 1857.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have this day weighed from one acre of land, as measured above, the Ruta Baga Turnips and tops, and find them to weigh fifty thousand nine hundred and thirty-five pounds.

E. K. ROBISON.

G. T. MASON.

Greenville Dist., S. C., Nov. 30th, 1857.

COL. R. J. GAGE—*Dear Sir:* I forward the report of Mr. Boyce's yield of turnips to you, and the yield per acre, as mentioned above; likewise, the method of culture. After I took the wheat crop off of the ground, plowed it up well with a two-horse turning plow, to the depth of about nine inches; then harrowed the ground level and spread a good quantity of well-made manure on the ground; then drilled it up into small ridges about 27 inches apart; sowed the 25th of July, 3 lbs. of seed per acre, by a harrow made for the purpose. When about 2 inches high, thinned them out to about 8 inches apart with the hoes, leaving the best plants; afterwards hand hoeing them and cultivating the rows between with a cultivator at times.

Sir, your obd't serv't.,

THOS. R. HENDERSON.

Greenville Dist., Nov. 31st., 1857.

For the Farmer and Planter.
Report on Oats.

By request I have this day layed off and measured for Prof. J. P. Boyce, one acre of land in oats.

G. T. MASON, Surveyor.

Greenville District, S. C., June 19th., 1857.

Some time early in July, 1857, Mr. Thomas Henderson, Agent and farmer of Prof. Boyce, brought to my barn and threshing machine, some oats—the product of the acre of land as surveyed and certified by Mr. Mason, as appears by his subjoined certificate. The oats were treshed there, and measured by Mr. Henderson and John Reynolds, who certifies that the White Oats measured out 18½ bushels; and that the Black Oats measured 26½ bushels, making the product of the acre, 46 bushels.

Certified at Greenville, the 12th day of August, 1857, and signed

VARDRY McBEE.
 JOHN REYNOLDS.

There was just half an acre of the White Oats above; the half acre of the Black Oats was selected from several acres upon my land, which had been manured and was undergoing preparation for grass. The oats were plowed deep and harrowed in—rolled in the second of May. The half acre of white oats were not manured.

JAMES P. BOYCE.

For the Farmer and Planter.
Report on Native Grass.

This Crab Grass Hay grew on old swamp land, light and sandy, which has been in cultivation for a number of years; it has been planted in cotton and corn, and has had no rest for a long time. Without manure, it would not produce above 20 bushels of corn to the acre.—The land was broken up with a double horse turning plow, about the first of May; cross plowed with a single plow; harrowed and rolled, and produced three thousand seven hundred and thirty pounds to the acre. It was cut with a mower—cured by one day's sun, then cooked up over night—thrown out next day, then stacked.

FRANK HAMPTON.

For the Farmer and Planter.
Report on Foreign Grass.

The Wire Grass Hay grew on land which has not been in cultivation for fifteen or twenty years, and is used as pasture. It is low river land, subject to overflow, and would produce 60 bushels of corn to the acre. It had no preparation for the hay. It was cut with a mower, and produced six thousand three hundred and seventy pounds to the acre. I did not see this cut myself, but Mr. Spigener, my overseer, a fully reliable person, measured the acre, and the hay was weighed at the public scales in Columbia.

FRANK HAMPTON.

For the Farmer and Planter.
Report on Wheat.

By request I have this day layed off and measured for Prof. J. P. Boyce, one acre of land in wheat.

G. T. MASON, Surveyor.

Greenville Dist., S. C., June 19th, 1857.

We witnessed the threshing and measurement of a lot of wheat sent by Prof. Jas. Boyce, taken from an acre of land. The yield was forty-four bushels and one peck.

WM. P. McBEE.

ALEX. McBEE.

Greenville Dist., S. C., June 26th, 1857.

The land having been deeply plowed up and harrowed, the above wheat was sown on the 21st of November, two bushels to the acre, and reaped from the 18th to the 23d of June. It was rolled early in February. There was no manure put upon the land.

JAMES P. BOYCE.

For the Farmer and Planter.

A Proposition.

MR. EDITOR:—I sent to the last State Fair at Columbia, a small collection of agricultural plants, including wheat, rye, various grasses, barley, Chinese Sugar Cane, Millets, &c., with some chess, and two weeds that injure our wheat here; one growing in the winter, and the other early in the spring. The reporters represented me as having sent the largest collection of grass seed.

In as much as the Agricultural Hall on the Fair grounds will afford ample room to arrange and preserve specimens, I now propose that we have a collection of agricultural plants from the different parts of the State, including those plants injurious to the farmers' interests, as well as those valuable; and also a collection of geological and mineralogical specimens from all parts of the State. Such a collection, I think, could easily be made, and would be very interesting and instructive to all who would take the trouble to examine and study them.

What say you and the readers of the "Farmer and Planter?" Who will assist in making such collections?

Most respectfully,

A. B. CROOK.

Greenville C. H., S. C., Jan. 2nd, 1858.

For the Farmer and Planter

Those little Irish Potatoes.

MR. EDITOR:—We beg leave to differ with your correspondent, Perkins, Jr., when he says that "fault finding, if generous, is nothing more than justifiable criticism;" because we believe a man must be just, before he can be generous. It is to defend the Committee on field crops, from what we regard as his unjustifiable criticism, or rather his snarl, that we take up our pen. That Committee, as originally constituted, consisted of six members; the Hon. gentleman placed at its head, refused to serve on the ground of incompetency, and as evidence of his unfitness, stated the fact, "that the last time he walked through a ball room, he thought the last lady he passed was the handsomest;" he was excused, and the next named on the list of the Committee, acted as Chair-

man. The Committee consisted, then, of five members, two from the upper country, one from the middle, and two from the lower country. There was but one member on that Committee under fifty years of age, and all practical planters, (and unlike your Committee, Mr. Editor, hard to find). We came together with alacrity, and as soon as we got in possession of "*the books*," proceeded to discharge the duties assigned us. We had nothing to do with the turnips, but admire them; nor with the big squash; but that "bushel of miniature yams," and "those little Irish potatoes" was on our book, and regarded as field crops, and as such the Committee had to decide on the *best variety*, (not which was the biggest tater). We had the opinion of both our lower country members, that of all the varieties present, that "bushel of miniature yams" was the best, and they spoke from their experience in the cultivation of the different varieties. To their superior experience the balance of the Committee differed. Those little Irish potatoes were of the yellow or Bermuda variety, and regarded by all *good judges*, as the best variety extant. We, therefore, conclude that the fling made by your correspondent, was not well considered, and shows a disposition to be captious, rather than indulge in just criticism.

A few reflections on the action of the Executive Committee, and we close this communication. That Committee have our warmest sympathy. They occupy an unenviable position for erring mortals. If they were perfect, we might expect better things of them. So far, they have done well, and we have no doubt that they will do better, as they learn by experience and observation. One thing we protest against them, and that is the interference of the Executive Committee with the reports of the awarding Committees; when those reports are in accordance with the constitution, and established rules of the Society, and when not to correct them, and to do so in every case or instance. We thought, and still think the quilt of Mrs. Dr. Fair, having taken a premium last year, was not entitled to a premium this—are we correct? It is also desirable that the action of the awarding Committees should be consistent with each other. The Committee on field crops refused to give two premiums to the same article in different capacities. But the Committee on horses thought and acted differently. Without deciding which Committee was right, we insist upon consistent action.

SPARROWGRASS.

Little Branch, Dec. 15th, 1857.

For the Farmer and Planter.
Report on Corn and Oats.

To the Executive Committee
of the State Agricultural Society:

GENTLEMEN—As a competitor for the largest yield from one acre of ground, I herewith present the certificate of the Committee, and Mr. Veal's certificate of the quantity of land. Also a report on the culture of the crop, quantity of seed, manure used, &c.

The lot of ground was the same which last year produced 116 bushels of corn—a sand hill flat. About the last of January the ground was well plowed with Glaze's large iron plow, drawn by two strong mules. 150 pounds guano, and about the same quantity of plaster was spread, and two bushels of oats sowed, harrowed in and rolled. About the first of March the roller was again used. On the 30th of June, the oat crop was harvested.

The lot was immediately plowed, as at first, and harrowed (all stubble was removed to the cow-yard); it was then laid off 3 feet apart, and planted at a distance of 12 to 14 inches in the rows covered with hoes, and rolled. On or about the 20th July, manure from the cow-house and lot was spread, plowed under, and the ground dressed with the hoe. After this working, a succession of heavy rains induced a rapid growth; the weather becoming very hot and dry, irrigation was resorted to on the 15th August, and continued until the 25th with great success. The plow was twice used after planting the corn; the hoes were also used twice.

Respectfully submitted by

J. W. PARKER.

I beg leave to refer to the certificate of Messrs. Adams, Hort and Glass, herewith submitted as a competitor for the largest yield of oats on one acre.

J. W. PARKER.

Dairy Farm, Nov. 9th, 1857.

At the request of Dr. J. W. Parker, I measured a piece of ground on his farm, which produced a crop of oats and a crop of corn, during the present year.

That part in oats measured one and three-eighths ($1\frac{3}{8}$) of an acre, three-eighths of which, however, was not included in the measurement of the Committee. As I was credibly informed by Mr. Glass and Mr. Due, that part of the oat crop was cut and fed to the stock green, and the piece put in turnips.

That part of this lot planted in corn, measured just one acre.

THOMAS C. VEAL, Civil Engineer.

Columbia, S. C., Nov. 7th, 1857.

The undersigned, acting as a Committee, certify that they have, with care, superintended the measurement of a crop of corn and oats on Dr. J. W. Parker's farm this year, from one acre of ground, according to the measurement of Mr. Veal, a certificate of which is herewith submitted.

The crop was measured by us, and is, to wit: 89 bushels of oats, and 82 bushels, one quart and one pint of corn. The land in oats, it is known to one of the Committee, included a small piece now in turnips. One of the Committee is aware that the product of that piece was not included in the parcel measured, as that portion of the crop was early cut and fed to the stock. It is also known to one of the Committee, that the crop measured was the product of the same acre, the harvesting, cleaning and measurement, all having been done under his particular notice.

M. ADAMS.

JOHN GLASS,

E. B. HORT.

Columbia, S. C., Nov. 9th, 1857.

Adhesive Enamel.

The *Charleston Courier* says, Mr. J. H. Williams of Baltimore, sole proprietor for the United States, has exhibited to us with specimens and practical tests, a remarkable and valuable preparation of a late English invention, which is designated as Newton's fire and water proof liquid enamel. It is described and confidently represented as being easily and successfully applicable to China, ivory, wood, metals, as well as glass, and promises advantages which deserve the examination of housekeepers, who feel the need of such a specific for various and numerous emergencies.

The *American Beacon* of Norfolk, Va., thus reports the result of the editor's examination:

"We have tested it on a large India china punch bowl, which was broken in many pieces. It is now so perfectly mended as to require close inspection to discover the fracture, and so strong, as to make it as useful as ever.

"We have also seen a glass dish mended with it—the adhesion was so great that with all our strength we could not pull it apart. A few drops of the enamel applied cold with a brush, sufficed for the bowl above mentioned. It is not affected by fire, water, alcohols or acids—is free from any acid quality, and is perfectly innocent on the tongue. Many a housekeeper has some fancy or favorite article broken, which might easily be restored to utility by a few drops of this cement, which even a child could apply, and when we consider the great amount of breakage in households, handles of pitchers, spouts of pots, &c, broken off, which could be restored to their original utility by this cement applied in a few moments, its economy will at once be acknowledged."

Manufacturers of Cider and Vinegar.

A correspondent asks us for information upon this subject.—We have selected the following as the best at our command—If any of our friends can improve upon what is here presented, we will be glad to hear from them.—*American Farmer*:—

If any cider is wholesome, that which is made right, is most so; and both as a matter of health and pecuniary profit, that which is of good quality, is most desired. There is no difficulty in making cider of such a quality that it will command from three to four dollars per barrel, by the quantity. The expense is but little more than is incurred in the dirty and slovenly mode of making the miserable stuff which generally passes by the name of cider.

Cool weather is necessary for making good cider, and the quality of the liquor is improved by letting the pomace lie as long before it is pressed, as can be done without fermentation.

There is a great difference in the quality of apples. Those should be chosen for cider which yield the richest juice, though the quantity is usually less in those of this character, than in others. The apples should be *ripe* when ground, but not *rotten*, and care should be taken to put those which ripen about the same time, into the same pressing.

In the management of the liquor, the first and grand object should be to free it from all sediment. When this is properly done in the beginning, it will be easy to regulate the fermentation afterwards. The best mode which we have ever known practiced, is to pass the cider, as soon as it comes from the press, through sand and charcoal. Clean river sand, rather coarse, is best. For only a moderate quantity, a large tub or vat, may be used. Put in the sand and coal in alternate layers—having the coal in pieces of half an inch to an inch square. Lay a piece of flannel over the top, and turn on the cider as it comes from the press, as fast as it will run through. The flannel will catch much of the pomace, &c., which will after awhile so fill the pores as to render it necessary to remove the cloth, and wash it, or substitute another in its place.

If the filtration is well done, the cider will appear perfectly pure as it runs from the sand, and should be at once put into casks and deposited in the cellar. After the casks are placed, the bungs should be taken out, till the fermentation has subsided. The fermentation will be somewhat retarded, and its activity much lessened, in consequence of the filtration. The casks should be kept entirely filled during fermentation, that the froth or scum may work out. As the fermentation abates, the bungs may be put lightly into the casks, and when no foam continues to rise to the top, the bungs may be driven tightly. The cider will sometimes keep well without further attention, for years, but in general, it is better to rack it off into other casks in the latter part of the winter. There will be found only a small portion of dregs in each cask, but in racking, care should be taken that none of the sediment runs off with the pure cider. If the casks are sound and good, and are kept in a good cellar, the ci-

der will keep a long time without changing.—If it is wanted for bottling, it will answer well for this purpose, when managed in the way described, the following May or June from the time it is made.

The casks for keeping cider should be made of the best oak, well bound, and must be perfectly sweet. The cellar for storing, should be cool and dark. The temperature should be at all times as nearly as possible the same, in order that the cider may remain in the same state. The exclusion of light is necessary for the same reason, as the tendency of the light is to produce decomposition.

Different substances have been recommended to be put into casks with cider. Salt, clay, alum, mustard-seed, fresh meat, eggs, and a hundred other things have been tried. We have at different times seen cider in which many of these things were used, but never yet saw that which was as good as that made in a proper manner without any thing being added. Most of the articles tend to deaden the cider, and lessen its most essential qualities.—Made as we have recommended, it is free from the *syrupy* taste of new or sweet cider, is spirited and lively, with a fine, rich vinous flavor.

To cleanse musty or foul casks.—If due care was always taken, casks would never get musty. As soon as the cider is out of the cask, it should be rinsed out thoroughly, dried, and then bunged tightly. But if from negligence, a cask becomes musty, the best way as far as we know, to cleanse it, is to put in a quantity of unslacked lime, and pour boiling water on it until it is thoroughly slacked. Put in the bung, and shake the cask about so that the water and lime may come in contact with every part. Let it stand six or eight hours—empty it out—smell of the cask—if it is still musty, repeat the process, and after having again emptied out the lime, burn a strip of cloth dipped in melted brimstone, in the cask, fastening it by the bung. It must be a very bad smelling cask, that will not be rendered sweet by this mode.

VINEGAR.—Cider is the principal material from which vinegar is made—the common method of making it in the family is this: A vinegar barrel, so called, is placed in the garret, or on the sunny side of the house, during the summer, and during the cold weather, in a room where it does not freeze. The refuse cider, already sour, or the daily remnants of the table where cider is used upon it, are added to some good vinegar in the barrel, or to the mother of vinegar, the common name of a thick film which collects on this liquid. The good vinegar, or the mother, will act upon the liquid substances thus added to it, till the whole of it becomes acidified, and thus formed into the article desired. In wine countries, it is usually made from the poor wines; and whenever wine has become soured, it may be, and frequently is, converted into vinegar.

Another recipe from "Country Gentleman":—"Cider in this country, malt liquors in Eng-

land, and fermented grape juice in wine countries, are used for making vinegar. All these contain an abundance of organic matter, which induces fermentation; they absorb oxygen and give off hydrogen in the form of water. Hence, unlike the vinous fermentation, the presence of air is essential. But it must not be too largely admitted, lest it carry off certain parts essential to success. A barrel or cask is most convenient, with the bung open and covered with gauze to exclude insects.

Vinegar may be made by exposing one part of brown sugar with seven parts of water, and a small quantity of yeast, in a cask with open bung hole, for some weeks to the action of the sun's rays. But this vinegar is not so good as made in some other ways, being more or less viscous.

An excellent mode is the following: Mix a gallon of molasses with a barrel of cider, warm it in a large kettle, then put the mixture in a barrel with a few sheets of brown paper. Keep it in a warm place with the bung open, through which a stick is inserted for stirring it, to break the scum and admit air. The vinegar may be drawn as needed, and its place supplied by cider, which in its turn will be converted to vinegar."



The Farmer and Planter.

PENDLETON, S. C.

Vol. IX, No. 2, : : : : February, 1858.

Dr. Parker against the World.

It is with much pride and gratification that we publish Dr. PARKER's report of the extraordinary production of 200 bushels and 12 quarts of corn from one acre. Who does not feel proud of his success in being the largest producer of corn in the whole world?—And what true Carolinian does not feel elated at such a glorious triumph in the field of agriculture? It was a proud day for South Carolina and for the successful competitor, when it was publicly announced at the late annual Fair of our State Agricultural Society, that Dr. PARKER had produced from one acre of land, 200 bushels and 12 quarts—the largest product on record. We believe that 190 bushels is the largest product heretofore reported, and this, if we mistake not, on some of the rich lands of the valley of Mississippi; but this greater product was made in the neighborhood of the Town of Columbia, a region not remarkable for fertility of soil. His success, therefore, must have been

owing, as is seen from his report, to a high system of manuring and a deep and thorough preparation of the land. But to whatever it may have been owing, he is entitled to the credit of being the largest producer of corn in the whole world. If it had been a discovery in science, a new planet or asteroid in the solar system or a new principle in mechanics, or some boasted effort of literary genius, or some great military exploit, such as the siege of Sebastopol, it would have been heralded through the world with all the pomp and parade usually awarded to such achievements. But the trophies of the plow are not wont to be so blazoned; they are usually found in the vale of obscurity, with none to herald their deeds to the world. But who are the real benefactors of mankind? We are told "they who can make two ears of corn or two blades of grass grow where only one grew before." Take the simple proposition, that the productions of the earth can be doubled by good culture, and what an amount of increased supply of human want and comfort would be produced. What an increase to the profits of agricultural capital of individual and national wealth:

But the experiment of Dr. PARKER goes greatly beyond doubling the ordinary productions of our lands. Take the average production of the lands of the State at 20 bushels per acre—his is ten times greater—and as we fall below, as many of us are in the habit of doing on our old lands, the ratio is increased in the same proportion. What a lesson should this teach us, and what a powerful argument does it afford to reform our system of farming. As we heard one of our neighbors, who plants good land, and whose crop was 2000 bushels from 100 acres, say that according to Dr. PARKER's production, he ought to have made the same quantity from ten acres. But as this was an extraordinary production, let us double the quantity of land, and say that 20 acres can be made to produce 2000 bushels, or 100 bushels to the acre, and who can doubt this, when it has been so frequently realized. Suppose the extra labor that is spent on the 100 acres, was expended on the 20 acres, would not the result give a vastly increased crop? And this not for a single year, but for a series of years.

There is no doubt of the fact that the great prominent evil of Southern agriculture, is, the cultivation of too much land. It is too apparent and palpable to need any demonstration. It stares us in the face in every direction we can look. It is spread broadcast all around us: It is seen in our diminished crops—our neglected and abandoned old fields—in our starved and stunted stock, and in our disgraceful dependence on foreign supply for subsistence in seasons of drought. The system is radically wrong, and must lead to the utter ruin of the whole country, unless corrected. Already its frightful ravages are seen in the destruction of the best lands, and an immense drain of the wealth and population of our State. South Carolina would have been infinitely better off if a Chinese wall had surrounded her borders and kept her population within her territory, for their demand for land would have taught her people the value of it. They would not have wasted, worn out and thrown it away as the last

and present generation have done. But we trust that like great moral evils, the very excess has brought about a remedy. We are now driven to the necessity either to emigrate or "*root hog or die.*" Let us imitate the example of that animal whose instinct teaches them to burrow deep in the bowels of the earth for subsistence. Let us go down into the lower strata of the soil, into the subsoil not yet reached by our plows, or the roots of the plants we cultivate. There is yet a mine of riches and of fertility, which our skinning culture has not reached. There, in those lower regions, is to be found the leached manures of the top soil that has escaped the evaporation of the sun and the washing rains that have swept off the surface; and lower yet may be found those inorganic or mineral manures, so necessary for vegetable nutrition and the full and perfect development of plants. The ancients had a saying, "*veritas in putco*"—truth lies in the bottom of the well. The mind has to dig deep before it can be reached. This law of mind may be applied to matter. We must dig deep before the earth will yield her treasures: The richest minerals are to be found deepest imbedded! And so it may be said of some of the ingredients of the soil. They lie deep, and must be disembowelled and brought within the roots of the plants we cultivate. Another argument in favor of deep plowing is, it furnishes a reservoir for moisture, so necessary for vegetable life. In our arid climate, drought is the greatest enemy we have to contend against, and nothing tends to aggravate the evil so much as shallow plowing. It is said the agricultural productions of Great Britain have been almost doubled since the introduction of the subsoil plow.—And when it is recollected that humidity is the great evil of their climate as droughts is of ours, how much more important is subsoiling to us. If, then, we would profit by our own melancholy experience and the example of other countries more advanced in agriculture, we will abandon our large field system of culture, reduce our crops at least one-half, prepare our lands thoroughly by manuring and deep plowing, eradicate all noxious weeds—those vampires that suck out the very vitals of our soil (our friends Broomsedge and Laurens will excuse the strong expression we use against their favorite pets), and my life for it, we shall fill our barns and granaries full to overflowing.

Complaint and Notification.

Before the close of our last volume, we requested all subscribers who intended discontinuing their paper, to notify us before the January number was sent out. This but few done, but instead, have waited till that number came to hand, and then ordered it to be sent back, without, in most instances, paying up arrearages. Such subscribers have clearly laid themselves liable for the current volume, according to our terms and to the "law of newspapers." We have, however, taken their papers back and struck their names from our list. But we now give notice to all to whom the second number is sent, that they are charged with the whole volume in addition to what they already owe, if any

thing, whether they take it or not. When papers are refused, we request Post Masters to notify us, and if the person refusing, is indebted, we shall publish the notification with the amount of indebtedness for information to the delinquent subscriber.

Our February Number.

Our present number will undoubtedly be a most interesting and valuable one to our readers—worth all that we ask for a whole volume. First, read carefully the address of Col. CALHOUN to our State Agricultural Society, at its late annual meeting and Fair; next, Col. GAGE's premium Essay on Meteorology, and then the reports on the various productions of our State, with other interesting original and selected matter, and then ask yourself if what we state above is not true.

We have been reading agricultural papers for many years past. We commenced by the advice of an old friend, when almost a boy (not a boy of our day), with the American Farmer, edited by GIDEON B. SMITH, (*honored be his memory and peace to his ashes*), and in so doing, greatly alarmed some of our anti-book-farming friends, for at that day, "Book-farming" was almost as great a heresy as was Connecticut witchcraft in the days of the "Blue Laws." But what we intended to say, was this: We have watched for closely and carefully noted the product of one acre of land in corn; from our first reading of such reports to the present day. And although the amount reported, in many instances, has almost staggered our credulity, yet we have now no doubt that they were true, and that old South Carolina stands *excelsior*. To Dr. PARKER is due the palm for the *greatest* yield from one acre of corn that has even been made in the United States—in Europe, the world, or by "the rest of mankind."—This is a triumph that we are proud of—that we *brag* of. See remarks elsewhere on Dr. PARKER's report.

Acknowledgments.

Hon. J. J. EVANS.—Again our thanks are due our ever attentive friend, Judge EVANS, for sundry documents, including a handsome volume of maps and views to accompany message and documents.

JAMES MILLER, Esq., at Croxton's Store P. O., will accept our thanks for his very welcome list of new subscribers. It is truly refreshing when many are quitting, and generally without paying what they are owing us, to receive a list of new names, guarded by the indispensable in advance. How many more of our friends will follow Mr. M's good example? Surely we have not a single subscriber on our list that could not, with a little exertion, get at least one more name for us, and if each one would do so, it would not only prolong the publication of our paper, but be the means of greatly improving it. The proposition of our friend DOGAN has been lost sight of, we believe. A few gentlemen promptly embraced it, but it was *but few*.—There is not a State in the Union that does not better sustain its agricultural paper than ours.

Our Advertisements.

The attention of our readers is called to our advertisements—both old and new. We have a new batch for January and February, which have not been heretofore noticed, and prominent among these, will be found one from friend SUMMER, of the POMARIA NURSERY, who is not afraid of the small cost of an advertisement, to let the people know what he has to sell. Men that are liberal enough to advertise, are liberal enough to give good bargains, and honest enough to give good and reliable articles in their line—*recollect that*, and if you want any thing in the line of our Nursery advertisers, apply to them, and we will vouch you will not be deceived by having a worthless article palmed on you. In all February you may order fruit trees, grape vines, &c., &c., with more safety than in the dead of winter.

Grape Vines are also offered by Dr. Tognio. Surely no man or woman in our own or sister State of Georgia, can have any excuse for not having good orchards, good vineyards, beautiful flower gardens, &c., &c., for the lack of knowing where the means may be had, if they will but only glance over our advertising sheet for the last three months.

Seeds, Seeds.—See under this head, also, the extensive notice of Messrs. J. M. THOREBURN & Co., and if not content with his list, send forthwith for one of his *Descriptive Catalogues*, in which you will not fail to find any thing you may desire to have, with directions how to manage the same.

The Pendleton Female Academy, it will be seen, is again open and ready to receive students. We would be pleased if our friends below, who may desire to send their daughters to a good school in a healthy climate, would make a trial of our school. The character and abilities of the teachers is undoubted, and good board may be had either at the school or in the village, on reasonable terms. The Railroad will be completed and the cars running to our village in a short time, when parents may visit their children at short notice, from all the lower parts of our State.—We refer to the Trustees' notice.

The Thalian Academy, under the superintendence of the Rev. J. L. KENNEDY, whose fame, as a teacher, is well known, also claims the attention of parents who would prefer sending their sons to a good school in the country, and out of the temptations of a city or village.

Apply quickly, or you lose a bargain.—Any one desiring to purchase a neat and comfortable residence, a little out of the business part of the village, is referred to the advertisement of the Rev. T. L. McBRYNE, in this number. It is but rarely that such a place can be obtained in our Village—especially now, when it is about becoming the "head of navigation," or as an old friend of ours once said of Greenville, a "Seaport Town."

Stock Raisers are referred to Mr. CRESWELL'S notice of his celebrated Morgan Horse. Every body that knows any thing about horses, knows that the Morgan is one of the very best breeds of horses in the

United States, "for all work," and every one should be anxious to embrace the opportunity to procure the stock.

Carolina Seed Planter.—Mr. CARLISLE has perfected his Seed Planter, which we have tried and give some notice of in our last volume. See his advertisement, and be certain to make a trial of them at your next planting time. We planted both corn and peas with one not so perfect as those now offered, and was much pleased with its work. Mr. C. says they are adapted to all kinds and quantities of seed, which adds much to their usefulness and value.

The Seed.—And then if you need the seed, see Mr. LEARMONT'S advertisement, and supply yourselves forthwith.

Our Exchanges.

"The Sumter Watchman"—We are pleased to see that our highly esteemed young friend, T. W. DINKINS, has become Co-Editor of the Watchman. We have read his Salutatory with great pleasure. That young man, having both talents and popularity, will one day make his mark in our State.

The Charleston Mercury.—We refer our readers to the Prospectus of this, our excellent exchange, the political creed of which we think no Southern man can object to.

Editors generally of the news paper press, with which we exchange, will accept our thanks for favors and kind notices of us through the past year. May each and every one of them realize a much greater crop from their field of labors, than falls to the lot of their friend.

To our brother conductors of the agricultural press, we say God-speed the good cause in which you are engaged. The field is large—may ample provisions be made for the laborers.

Notices from Post Masters.

This is a new head for the Farmer and Planter.—Call it a "black list," if you please. Look out, gentlemen (?) especially you who are disposed to leave for "parts unknown," without paying your dues or giving notice of your whereabouts. We shall make extracts from the notices of more honest men than you are, and then if other papers credit you as we have done, it is their fault—not ours.

CENTERVILLE, WILKS CO., GA.

GEO. SEABORN, Esq.:—The paper sent to this Office to John Johnson, is not taken out—you will please stop it. I have given you fair and legal warning twice before, by mail. My skirts; I consider clear of any negligence on my part. John P. Johnson has removed from this Country. Respectfully,

S. TURNER, JR., P. M."

JNO. P. JOHNSON owes for three volumes of the Farmer and Planter, and if the Post Master, as above stated, has given us "fair and legal warning," we have not discontinued his paper for the reason, that he had

not paid up arrearages, which is a rule we make with all delinquent subscribers, and very often to our loss.

If it was proper, we should ask the Post Master's pardon for the above extract—we would do it with pleasure, *but it is not, for it is his duty to give* such notice, to clear his own "skirts." When he has done this, he has done his duty and all that *is his duty*. He need not write on the margin of the paper with the sharpened end of a broomstick, such as the following recently received from an adjoining district, where we have been badly treated heretofore—not by the Post Mistress, for whom we have long had great respect, but by o'er smart boboys, in the office: "Gone to — four years ago—never taken out." Then on the back page: "P. M. at Pendleton will charge postage regularly as I return them, until stopped." We suppress the name signed. But on another paper returned with the above: "Not known in five years, or during that time not taken out." Now, the fact is, that the Farmer and Planter was *never* sent to that address at that Office before September last, and of course if not taken out since then, it *has not* been taken out in the last five years. And we will here take the liberty on our own responsibility to return the thanks of our Post Master, for the kind advice given him. He has not been in Office long enough (without ever having a charge made against him for either incompetency or dishonesty) to *know* and to *do* his duty, without instructions from Post Masters—Deputy Post Masters or assistant Deputy Post Masters.

We believe no Post Master is bound to return a paper refused at his office (though it is often done through courtesy to the publisher, and for which, so far as we are concerned, we thank all who do so, provided they do not send a paper back that has been ripped open and written on the margin of—not unfrequently in expressions disgraceful to the writer, and destructive of the future use of the paper). Let them write on the envelope, (not on the papers), from what office returned, without their own *smart* remarks; and if we do not stop the paper, it is *our* fault—not *theirs*.

We have other notices under this head that shall appear in our next.

HARCRODES P. O., DESOTO CO., MISS.

Farmer and Planter:—Will you please to re-commence sending my Farmer and Planter to the above Post Office immediately. I believe I am not in arrears—if so, please inform me, and I will settle up.

Respectfully,

M. BOGAN.

We have received the above communication from one of our old subscribers, who, it seems, has removed to the "far West," and who is honest enough to notify us of his removal (not so with all), and to request us to send his paper to him at his present home. But we can't find the name, M. BOGAN, on our books. Is it J. M. Bogan? From a "flourish" before the M., we are not certain the writer did not intend the signature J. M. BOGAN, which name we have at Fairforest.

The Editor of the "*Kingstree Star*" will accept our thanks for the following notice of the Farmer and Planter, which we transfer to our columns an account of his very appropriate remarks on Gen. GARVIN's address. There was surely no subject touched on in the address of Gen. G., of more importance to the agriculturist, than the one alluded to.—Ed. F. & P.:

"THE FARMER AND PLANTER."—Among our exchanges is the "*Farmer and Planter*," published in S. C. It contains much original matter, among which is the address of Gen. F. N. Garvin, delivered before the Agricultural Society, at Walhalla, S. C. In this address the speaker urges and shows the necessity of educating young men for that honorable pursuit—agriculture. We have often wondered how it is that in the various professions the student is required to give satisfactory evidence of his ability to pursue and sustain its reputation, but in agriculture, the most essential and worthy occupation that man can pursue, it seems as if only an imperfect knowledge of the practical part is requisite, and an entire ignorance of the theory; we agree with the speaker when he says: "I presume to say that no man can be a complete farmer without at least understanding the sciences of geology, mineralogy and chemistry." For it is by these sciences that he is enabled to remedy and improve the soil. The necessity of such a course of education must be apparent to every well instructed farmer, and we believe it is only by this course that our worn out lands will yield abundantly and remunerate the laborer.

Osage Orange Plants.

We have received a "private" letter from our old friend, Dr. M. W. PHILLIPS, dated in November, but too late to give notice in time for ordering plants before freezing weather set in, in which he informs us that he has a large number, amounting to several hundred thousand of the above named plants, of different sizes and ages for sale, and at lower rates, probably, than usual at the South. The Doctor says:

"I can send over 100,000 plants at \$3.50. I do not think freight ought to cost you over 60 cents to Charleston, and perhaps 20 to 40 to you—thus they will cost \$4.50 there, at, I think, outside figures. The quantity will make cost less; 1000 will cost (in freight?—Ed.) almost as much as 20,000.

"I sold from the same ground last year, 100,000 plants, and lost all my labor and conveyance. I only charged \$4 here, and they cost that; my object was only to aid friends. They could not have gotten them by 5, 10 or 20,000, under \$5. By getting 150,000, they would cost you, perhaps, under \$4. The plants are small, and store well," &c., &c.

In another part of his letter, the Doctor says:

"I have about 3 miles of hedge, one year old, and am prepared to double it this year. * * * I paid \$4 for small plants, \$5 for *Southern* yearlings, and \$7 for two years old. I can sell, perhaps, 50 to 70,000 at \$4 for ordinary, and \$5 for largest plants. I can supply from 2 to 500,-

000 grown in Mississippi. If by 50 to 100,000, at less than the above, perhaps so much less, as to make lighter expense. They will be put up in best order. Application must be made early before hard winter sets in to freeze, as in that case they are not so certain. I lost many before getting here, in Dec. and Jan. last."

Thus, such as may desire to purchase plants, will see the propriety of ordering early next fall, so that their stock may come to hand before freezing weather sets in. The same precaution is necessary in ordering fruit trees, grape vines, &c., for we have lost of all the latter by having them sent us in very hard weather. If the roots of our apple, peach or grape freezes above ground, and thaws again *before being buried*, they are apt to perish—indeed we believe *certain*, if the freeze has been very hard, and the thaw sudden and thorough.

Corrected List of Premiums.

What, another corrected list, Mr. Secretary! Well, if you are not worked to death, it will not be the fault of *fault-finders*, nor will it be for the want of a disposition in you to *try* to please every one.

We received, whilst in Columbia, in attendance on the Legislature, what we understood to be a full and correct list of the premiums awarded at the late Fair, and forwarded the same to our home for publication in the January number, and which, accordingly, was done. We have now another copy, which we must decline publishing in full. We undertake, however, to correct or perfect our former list, by making such additions, &c., &c., &c., under the most important heads, as have been presented to us in the correct abstract. But first, let us give the following from the Secretary:

"MR. EDITOR:—Within I have given you a correct abstract from the books of the premiums awarded in the various departments, as well as the *reports* of the successful competitors—*verbatim literatim et punctuatum* upon the various subjects. I hope your readers may enjoy the perusal more than I have the preparation.

R. J. GAGE.

Sec'y S. C. A. S."

FIELD CROPS.

In our former report on Field Crops, the product of crops realized by those who received premiums, was not stated. There were, also, some premiums awarded that was not included in our copy. They are as follows:

To Henry C. Davis, for the largest amount of fodder from an acre of Sorgho Sucre, 1192 lbs., \$20.

To Mrs. V. M. DeVeaux, for the largest production of cotton upon 5 acres of land, being 12,932 lbs., \$30.

To the same for the largest production on one acre, 3,072 lbs., \$10.

To the Rev. Jas. P. Boyce, for the greatest production of Ruta Baga Turnips upon one acre, 50,935 lbs., (see report) \$10.

To Gov. R. F. W. Alston, for the best sample of Rice, \$5.

To M. Tarrant, for the best sample of pin-ders, \$5.

In the last report sent us, we find that Mr. McAfee made an average of 50 bushels of corn on 50 acres—premium, \$30. Dr. Parker made on 2 acres, 316 bushels and 8 quarts; and on one acre, 200 bushels and 12 quarts—premium, \$20. Dr. Parker also made on one acre, after taking off a crop of oats, 82 bushels, for which he received \$10. The quantity of oats made by Dr. Parker, was 89 bushels on one acre—premium, \$10. Col. Marshall made on 50 acres, 846 bushels of wheat, \$30. And upon 2 acres, 73½ bushels, \$20. Rev. Jas. P. Boyce, for the largest yield of wheat upon one acre (amount not stated.—Ed.), \$10. Dr. Davis made 140 gallons of Sorgho Syrup from one acre, \$20. Fodder on the same, stated above. Capt. Frank Hampton made of native hay, 3,740 lbs to the acre, \$10. See his report in this number.

Under the head, "Horses," we find the premiums heretofore published, as follows:

"Best 3 year old Gelding, Mr. Elkin, Fairfield," struck out. The report of the Committee will be found on another page.

Under the head, "Swine," we find the following corrections and additions:

Best Suffolk Boar, to the Rev. J. B. Adger, \$5.

2nd best Suffolk Boar, J. D. Williams, Plate.

Best Essex Boar, to J. W. Folk, \$5.

"MACHINERY" AND "SOUTHERN FARMING IMPLEMENTS."

We find under these heads the following additions, erasures and remarks:

"For the largest collection of Agricultural Implements, to Boyden & Son, Society's Gold Medal," \$20.

"For the best Broad Axe, to D. Wyatt Aiken, Winsboro Silver Medal."

"For the best Club Axe, to the same, Silver Medal."

"The spoke machine of Glaze & Smith deserves particular notice, as well as the sugar mill of the Messrs. Alexander's."

"In consequence of the want of time, and the pressure of business, the Committee on plows were not able to test, by actual experiment, but a few of the well-constructed implements exhibited."

In our list of premiums, under head, Southern farming implements, we have given "Best Cotton Scraper, S. C. made, Thos. Carter, premium." This, in the corrected copy last sent, is struck out, with the following note: "Thomas Carter's name was not on the books of entry. How did he get a premium?"—This we cannot answer, not being on the plow Committee. We see, however, that no less than three premiums were awarded to Mr. Carter.

"To Jacob Sheitlin, for a Granite Shaft, turned in a lathe at Columbia, beautifully done, Silver medal."

"PLOWING MATCH."

"Best Plowing done by a slave, to Capt. F. Hampton's man, Monday, \$5."

"ORCHARD AND NURSERY."

Best lot of Apple trees, Stafford & Hatton, N. C., \$10.

Best lot of Peach trees, same, \$10.

In our former list, "Best lot Grapes and Apples, P. W. Landrum, Richland." This is struck out on our corrected list.

"ROSIN, WAX AND SHELL WORK."

Under this head we find the following premiums, which we believe have not been heretofore published:

Shell Pyramid, Mrs. S. S. McCully, Columbia, \$5.

Vase of Flowers, wax, same, \$5.

Basket Rosin Fruit, Mrs. Hammerskold, \$5.

Vase Wax Flowers, Mrs. E. C. Marshall, Abbeville, \$5.

Bridal Wreath, Miss E. McQueen, Anderson, Plate.

2 Shell Boxes, Mrs. Thos. P. Walker, Columbia, Plate.

Vase Rosin Fruit, Mrs. M. A. Thorn, Columbia, Plate.

Vase of Rosin and Wax Fruit, same, Plate.

Bouquet Wax Flowers, Miss Eliza Roach, Richland, \$5.

Fancy Bonnet, Miss E. M. Wright, \$5.

Bed Cushion, Mrs. Dr. Fair, Columbia, Plate.

"ESSAYS."

Best Essay on Pisciculture, to Thomas W. Woodward, Fairfield, \$30.

Best Essay on Meteorology, to Col. R. J. Gage, Union, \$30.

With the above, we hope we are done with the awards of premiums at our late Fair, especially as we get nothing for publishing the list. We do it only for the accomodation of *our own* subscribers, so far as inclination goes. Yet, we, in doing so, are accomodating very many that can't afford to pay us the the small pittance of one dollar for the Farmer and Planter.

For the Farmer and Planter.

Report on Corn.

To the Executive Committee

of the State Agricultural Society:

GENTLEMEN—As a competitor for the premium to be awarded for the largest yield of corn from two acres of ground, I herewith present the certificate of the Committee, and the letter of Mr. Veal, who measured the land; also, the following report on the preparation of the ground and culture of the crop:

The ground selected for my experiment, was sand hill branch land; after drying it by underground drains, it was broken up with a common tongue plow in November, about 25 two-horse loads of manure from my cow-house, were spread over each acre in December, and well plowed in with a two-horse iron plow (Glaze), followed with the subsoil plow, drawn by two mules. About the first of March, another coat of good stable and cow manure

was spread and plowed in as the first. Early in April, three cart loads of air-slacked lime, and two sacks of salt, were spread over each acre, and lightly plowed under. On the 14th of May, the ground was thoroughly plowed with Glaze's large iron plow, harrowed level and laid off thirty inches apart with a shovel plow. Guano, and Plaster was sprinkled in the furrows, near 200 lbs. of the former, and 300 lbs. of the latter, to each acre.

The seed selected for planting, was from North Carolina, and designated "Bale Mountain Corn." After soaking it during the night in a strong solution of nitre, it was planted from 8 to 12 inches distance in the row, covered it with hoes, and rolled the ground, leaving it perfectly level. On the 14th, it was plowed with a long, very narrow plow, and dressed over with hoes. On the 5th and 17th of June, the same work was repeated, each time leaving the ground level. About the first of July, it was necessary to draw a ridge about the roots of the corn to prevent its falling. During a protracted drought, Acre No. 1 was twice irrigated, and Acre No. 2 had the water turned on it once.

As you will learn from the certificate of the Committee, the yield from Acre No. 1 was 200 bushels and 12 quarts; from Acre No. 2, 116 bushels and 6 quarts, making from two acres, three hundred and sixteen bushels and 18 quarts.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. W. PARKER.

Columbia, Nov. 9th, 1857.

The undersigned, acting as a Committee, certify that they have, with care, superintended the harvesting and measurement of the product of two acres of ground belonging to, and cultivated by Dr. J. W. Parker, which ground we would denominate sand hill branch land; and find the yield of corn to be on acre No. 1, two hundred bushels and twelve quarts; and on acre No. 2, one hundred and sixteen bushels and six quarts—making from two acres, (according to Mr. Veal's survey), *three hundred and sixteen bushels and eighteen quarts* of good sound corn, the manner and measurement of which we regard as accurate, and such as would be entirely satisfactory to us, if we were buying.

It is known to a part of the Committee that acre No. 2, or a large portion of it, was plowed up at a late period, and planted over, which, very probably, was an injury to the crop, and lessened the yield.

JOHN DENT, Jr.

WM. WALLACE,

W. L. GOODWIN,

JOHN GLASS.

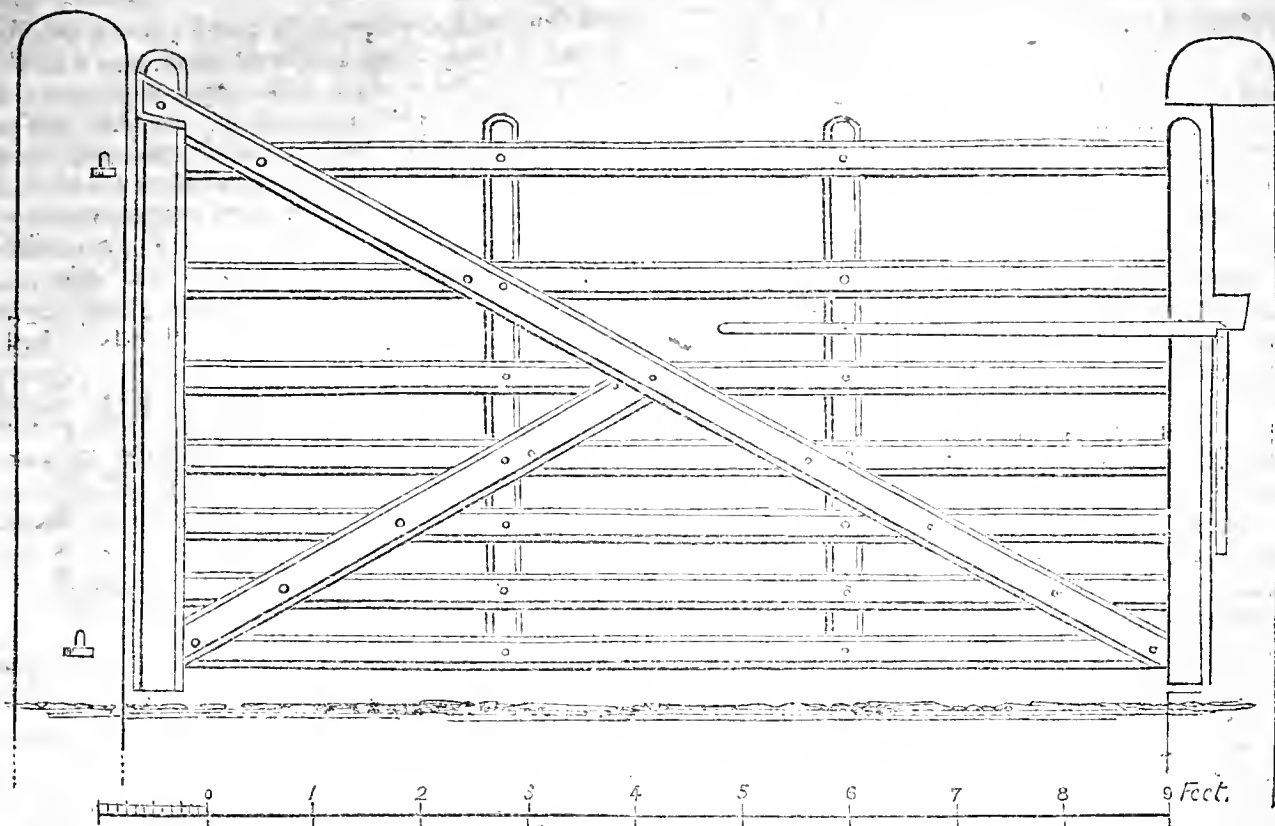
"Dairy Farm," Columbia, Oct. 21st, 1857.

Dr. J. W. PARKER—*Dear Sir:*—I measured on yesterday the corn lot as shown me in the field on West side of the Main Road, and find it to contain *one acre*, and have measured off and staked *one acre* of corn in the field East side of the road.

Very truly yours,

THOS. C. VEAL, Architect.

Columbia, S. C. Oct. 21st, 1857.



A PLANTATION GATE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have, after a "long time," endeavored to make good my promise to Dr. Lee, by preparing a draft and description of my Gates; after 40 years' experience. I believe them superior to any other for the same cost, and will last at least 30 years. Back piece 3 by 6 and about 6 feet 3 inches long; head piece full 3 by 3 and about 5 feet 3 inches long; and *when dressed*, 4 inches wide and 1 thick, if pine; if oak may be *sawed* that thickness, the bars should be morticed square entirely through both back and head piece, not shouldered; the distance between the bars should be, commencing at the bottom, as follows 3, 3½, 4, 5, 7 and 10 inches: both the cross braces and the two palings are nailed to the bars with the best of wrought nails, with large heads, from the *black smith's* shop, three inches long, and well clinched; the two palings are (of course) on the opposite side of the gate to the cross braces, these braces are of great importance; the long one is dovetailed in the side and near the top of the back piece, passing to the lower bar close up to foot of head piece; the short brace merely butts against the long brace on fifth bar from the bottom and against the back piece on the bottom bar, well nailed to each bar it crosses. All timber for gates should be of the best quality and thoroughly seasoned; better use bars than an indifferent gate, or even one badly hung.

Now, the hanging requires far more skill than the making—it is rarely well done by the best of workmen; if timber is plenty, get the post 10 by 12 (if scarce, 8 by 10 will do) and 10 feet 6 inches long, and always *four feet* in the ground; if you want to dig your holes with the least possible labor, commence them 5 feet long and 2 feet wide, (not as my friend did, 18 inches square, and took an able hand two days, as he said, to get the dirt out); put in the post the gate is to

hang to first, and run well from bottom to top, taking care the post is plumb; or perhaps it is best to lean it about an inch or two the way the gate is to shut; that much is imperceptible to the eye, and it frequently settles back a little by the weight of the gate, and should it remain just so, it is not objectionable.

The hinges should be heavy, and full 3 feet long, well nailed with large wrought nails, to the top bar and back piece, and second bar from the bottom and back piece; a good half inch bolt and tap is best through the back piece, 3½ inches long and square at its butt end; a strip 3 inches wide and about three-quarters thick, must be tacked on the bars that the hinges are nailed to, so as to make an even surface from the back piece to the end of the hinge, the lower hinge should project 2 inches further from the back of the back piece than the upper one, and be bent outwards so as to give the gate fall; the lower hook must correspond as shown on the plate, and must not be driven up as close by about 2 inches as the upper one; they should be strong shanks made to follow an inch auger; and of the *same* thickness from end to end, not *tapered* like a wedge; when boring for the hooks *slightly incline* the point of the auger to the centre of the post, and bore *entirely through*, then, should a hook break or be driven too far, it can be driven back with a bolt a size smaller than the hole; be careful that the gate, when hung, has about three-quarters of an inch between the back and the post; a gate that binds soon breaks itself or the hinges, never shuts well, and is a standing trap for children's fingers, (you know they will be there, for to swing on the gate was a great luxury when I was a youngster, and they are welcome to swing on mine). Now, after the gate is hung, put in the head post. I always gutter the head post 3 by 3 (never the other) for head to fall in, it is

a great improvement, it is safer against stock; but the same rule applies to this as the other end of the gate, it should here have full half or three-quarters of an inch play, so it shall not stick.

I use commonly a woodlatch morticed through the head piece and nailed to the paling, extending half its length behind the paling; it is very convenient to put the foot on, and decreases the friction on the catch, and of course shuts easier. Although the cheapest and most convenient latch made, it is not the safest, where you have a cunning mule or ox, they frequently learn to open it. I have an iron one that nothing can open without hands, but cannot well describe it.

I give a side view of the catch made out of a piece of scantling 3 by 3 and pinned on the post; it is much better than the old plan of a wooden pin sloped and notched so as to catch stirrups and traces, &c.

Now posts again; get good lasting timber and put the *natural* top downwards, and leave no shoulder at the surface of the ground to catch water and hold it, nor make any mortice for cross pieces, they will rot there quite soon enough without any assistance; but put on a good coat of boiling tar, about 2 feet long or thereabouts, say a foot in the ground and the same above. I always hang my gates about 6 inches from the level ground, and then dig up the earth between posts and add a couple of cart loads of earth that will set hard and raise the ground to within 2 inches of the bottom bar; the gate will always swing better or clearer of any loose chunks or rocks, and will be clear of a water hole, which is very desirable.

The catch and latch are very important; they should be very carefully made and put on, and should work with as little friction as possible, or the gate will not shut readily; no gate is perfect that will stand at any point you may place it from its closed position, even should it be touching the latch; if you adopt the catch in the plate, the incline or slope of the latch as to run up should be of very gentle ascent, and the latch not bear too heavy.

I have been minute, having had great experience and good practical success. I ask no one to shut any one of my field gates after him—I only ask not to *prop* them open. Within 20 yards of where I am writing, hangs the first gate I had made on this plantation, hung in 1836, over 17 years ago, and you could not tell it had been there over 6 months by its appearance; and yet it opens into the wood yard and thence to the orchard, kitchen, &c., and is opened and shut daily from 20 to 40 times. It has had about 4 coats of white lead; it is the best economy to paint, say 2 coats when new, and one every 3 years afterward.

I would recommend any planter who *intends* adopting gates, to get lumber enough for 40 or 50 gates at once, put it in lofts and get well seasoned. I keep mine in a negro house loft, always enough to cover the joists. If you have any to spare, careless neighbors willingly pay you double price for it.

Bill of Lumber for 12 Gates:

60 bars $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ thick, and 20 feet long.

6 scantling 3 by 6 and $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet long.

6 " 3 by 3 and $10\frac{1}{2}$ " "

If the lumber should be oak, the bars may be 1 inch thick, all other proportions the same.

Yours respectfully, R. WARD.

Edgefield District, S. C., 1854.



Ladies' Department.

For the Farmer and Planter.

Letter from "Josie Jonquil."

MR. EDITOR:—A merry Christmas and happy new year to yourself and to the *Farmer and Planter*. When your November number reached me, I was *over head and ears* in housekeeping; and in fact, particularly engaged in the *romantic* occupation of washing cups and saucers. I am much obliged to you for your polite bow, and beg leave to make a *sweeping curtsy* in return. I was practicing making curtsies the other day, and as I follow the *universal fashion*, and sport the tremendous hoops, I *overturned* several articles of *furuiture*. My aunt Abigail, who is *old fashioned* in her notions, happened to be present, and demanded an explanation of my extraordinary conduct. When I enlightened her, there was a sudden elevation of hands and eyes, as she exclaimed: "Well, what will come next, when such *chits* as you, Josie, just out of short dresses and bib aprons, wear hoops, and write for the papers." I told aunt Abigail that the comet was coming, most probably, and that young America contributed to the papers to advance literature and agriculture, which were rapidly improving in consequence. Aunt Abigail immediately retired, remarking, "certainly Josie is a most precious child!"

What an admirable communication from Nancy in your last. Her letter clearly shows that she is well versed in every thing pertaining to housekeeping. I hope she will continue to grace your pages, and set us juveniles a good example.

Sincerely yours,

JOSIE JONQUIL.